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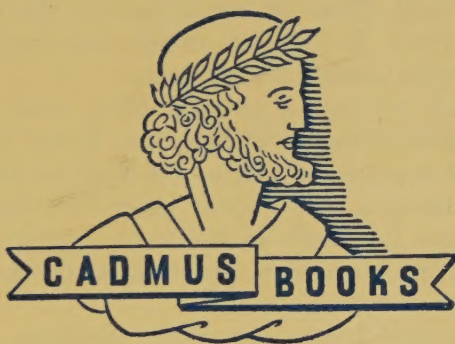
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**FRIENDS
OF ACPL**



CHI-WEE AND LOKI

BY GRACE MOON

Author of *The Book of Nah-wee*

Whenever she heard the call of a hoot-owl sounding three times in the bright light of day, Chi-wee knew that it was Loki calling her to come and play. Chi-wee was a little Pueblo Indian and Loki was a Navajo boy, and they both lived on the desert in the Southwest. Chi-wee lived in one of those interesting looking Pueblos, with ladders for stairways.

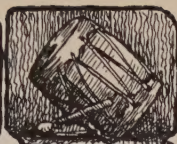
Loki had a pony—a swift-running pony—and how Chi-wee longed for one of her own. But it looked as if she would never have one, so she rode on Loki's pony. And she became such a good rider that one time she won a race! It wasn't an ordinary race, and Chi-wee had not ever intended to enter it, so it was all a big surprise to everyone.

Chi-wee and Loki were expert climbers as well as riders. Because they could climb so well they were able to rescue Chi-wee's baby brother when he got lost. Another time they were able to find a hiding place for the poor old Indian, Bear Tooth. Ba-ba, the little goat, was lost one day too, and how frightened Chi-wee was when she came upon a coyote worrying a little goat. Luckily Loki had his bow and arrow ready, and then things happened very fast.

The most frightening experience of Chi-wee's life came when Loki was nowhere around to help her. She was kidnapped! Chi-wee almost lost her courage, but in spite of her fears she did something that was very brave. Her reward for this bravery was something that she had always longed for. Can you guess what it was?



CHI-WEÉ AND LOKI
Of the Desert



CHI-WEÉ AND LOKI

Of the Desert

By GRACE MOON

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E. M. HALE
AND COMPANY
CHICAGO



ILLUSTRATED BY
CARL MOON



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To U. S. 691912
THAYER ARNOLD BLISS
(BETTER KNOWN AS THE "JUDGE")

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR

He's very serious, is the "Judge,"
It might as well be told—
He lives up to his title
Though he's only six years old!

Cadmus, 84



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A GREETING!

To all the friends who went with her through her first book of adventures Chi-weé sends a happy greeting, and for those new friends who now meet her for the first time she has this message:

“When you, little and big white people, read this tale of my desert and mesa, and my Ba-ba goat, and my friend Loki, it may be you will love them as I love them—and maybe, a little, you will love me too.

“CHI-WEÉ.”

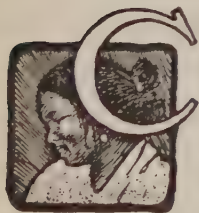


CHAPTER I

CHI-WEÉ RUNS A RACE

Here is a tale of the desert wide,
A tale of the Mesa high,
With sage and sand on every side,
And the blue of a cloudless sky.

Here is a tale of a little maid,
And a boy of a desert band;
Of the things they did and the games they played,
In far-off Indianland!



CHI-WEÉ wriggled! Chi-wée
squirmed! Out there in the sunlight
the call of the little hoot-owl had
sounded three times. In the broad
day when there were no hoot-owls.
That meant that Loki was waiting
for her, outside in the dancing sunlight where he could

hear all the sounds of the desert and see the thousand play places that called louder than voices. And here, in the dark house, she must sit and listen to the words of old Mah-pee-ti while he talked and talked endlessly to her mother.

Her mother had told her she must sit quietly, and the *outside* of her was as quiet as possible, but no little girl could be quiet *inside* while old Mah-pee-ti talked, and the hoot-owl called, and on the very end of her tongue was a secret so big she had to close her lips *tight* to keep from shouting it out loud to the whole world.

How could big people sit so quietly, and talk and talk when there were such wonderful things to do, and all outdoors called with tongues that would not be still?

Chi-weé belonged to the outdoors. She was a little Pueblo Indian girl and lived in a town built like an eagle's nest high on the top of a mesa. For all the eight years of her life she had lived in this little town overlooking the desert—this queer little town built of stone, that had houses whose flat roofs were the front-door yards of other houses built above them and whose crooked little streets led nowhere in particular except that sometimes they ran to the

edge of the mesa so that they too might look out over the desert.

The houses had ladders for stairways and often no doorways at all in the first story. That was because long, long ago when many other tribes were at war with them, each house was really a fort, and to keep the enemies from surprising them at night they would pull up their ladders and then go to sleep in peace knowing that no one could get into the house. But no one came to fight now, as their enemies were not so brave as they used to be and would only steal in secret. There were many children in the little town, and dogs and wild turkeys playing all together in the streets, and women sitting on the roof-tops painting jars and bowls of pottery and stringing long strands of red chili peppers to dry in the sun. They had always many smiles and nods for Chi-weé, who, with her shy little ways, was well loved in the town. Chi-weé was small for her age, with a great mop of black hair and a serious manner, but she was not serious *inside*, and those who knew her well could see in her black eyes a little fairy of mischief ever dancing, and in her heart she said there were wings—wings like those of the little bird for which she was named.

It did not seem that old Mah-pee-ti *ever* would stop—but *now*—he was slowly rising—and at a little nod from her mother Chi-weé was through the door and out to the head of the mesa trail like a tumbleweed blown by a strong wind.

There was Loki waiting as she knew he would be waiting, at the top of the trail that led down the mesa side to the spring below—Loki, who kept sheep in the desert and was Navajo, but who was her very best friend. Better than all else she liked to play with him in the desert, to see the strange places he would find and hear the wonderful tales he would tell. Loki was not very much older than Chi-weé, but he liked to have her *think* that he was very old and wise. Oh, yes—better than with the little chubby baby brother who gurgled, and better than with Ba-ba, her little goat, Chi-weé liked to play with Loki. And now, when she saw him, she called aloud before she came very near.

“Three times must you guess the great surprise secret I have to tell!” she cried, and she jumped up and down in her excitement. “Three times, like *this*—” and she held up three fingers, wiggling them in front of Loki— “and *never* will you guess it!”

“But, how can I guess,” he said, with a little pre-

tend-frown. "How can I guess when I do not know what you speak about?"

"W-e-e-ll," said Chi-weé slowly, "I will tell this much—it is about the Trader—a *little* of it is about him. Did you know," she asked excitedly then, "that he had brought a lady wife to the Cañon—a lady with a white face—and she wears shiny clothes?"

"Yes, I know," said Loki. "One time I saw her."

"She knows magic," said Chi-weé with much impressiveness. "*Great* magic she knows—I have seen how she knows it."

"What kind of magic?" asked Loki, and he tried not to appear too interested.

"Listen, and I will tell you," said Chi-weé, and she felt very important, to know more than Loki. Usually *he* was the one who knew everything. "One day—it was yesterday, I think—I found a little flower in the desert. It was one I have not seen before—and, as it was the day when we rode to the trading store, I took the little flower with me and gave it to the white lady. She has a smile that is nice, and she said, 'Oh, but that is a pretty flower, it is one I have wanted to see.' 'Did someone tell you about this flower?' I said, and she said, 'No, I

saw it in a book.' Now, that is great magic, to see a flower in a book."

"Pooh!" laughed Loki. "That is nothing—in school places they teach about *everything*, *all* from books."

"I know about school places," said Chi-weé eagerly. "Once, the mission lady asked me to come in and sit down. It is a very, very bad place."

"Why is it a bad place? I think it is good to know about things," said Loki.

"Oh, but it is bad to sit very still all day in a house, and if you say one *word* the lady says, 'S-S-S-SH!' and waggles her finger at you, and if you move your foot she goes, 'Bang—Bang!' with a little stick on a table, and when the very, very little ones come in with no clothes on she says, 'Shame—shame! Run home to your mamma and get a dress!' No, that school place is a bad place. I do not have to look in a book or ask a teacher lady to know things. If I want to know about a little flower I run out and find it; *then* I know—and how can a book or a teacher lady show to me the sunshine and the little dawn wind and the song of the night hawk? But the magic of the white lady of the trader was different from the books in the school, for she said it had a long, long



"I know about school places," said Chi-weé eagerly.

name, that little flower, and she told me what it was—and she told me——”

“But what is that great surprise?” interrupted Loki. “Listen, I will guess one time—that you go to some place soon?”

“No—no!” cried Chi-weé, all excitement again. “It is a *big* surprise, and maybe a part is for you.”

“Then it is seed cakes your mother has made.”

“Oh, no!” cried Chi-weé, dancing around him, “and two times you have guessed. Look! Two fingers are gone. Now, one more time——”

Loki grinned. “It is that you can come down in the desert and play with me. Is that the great secret—is it, mesa girl?”

Chi-weé laughed in answer to his grin and made a little face at him. “*That* would be no great secret—many times I come down to the desert to play with you. This is a very different thing. Listen——” and she waited just a little to see if she could make Loki eager to listen, but he made a great show of indifference, and when she waited, he looked across the desert as if he saw something there.

“Well,” continued Chi-weé, after a very little, for she was too excited to wait long herself, “listen, Loki—we are to have races and games and prizes”——

she was dancing again, up and down—"a whole day—and dances and good things, *many* good things to eat—and——"

Loki too, was excited now, and his eyes sparkled.

"Where will it be—and who will race—and when is this to be?"

Chi-weé laughed joyously,

"I *told* you how it was a great secret. It is that the Trader is very happy to bring the white lady to the Cañon, and in three days from now everyone is to come to the ranch where he lives, and it will be a great day—and *you* will come, Loki—and will play in the games?" she questioned eagerly.

"I will put the sheep in corral that day and I will come," answered Loki joyously, and it was hard to keep his feet from dancing a little jig as the feet of Chi-weé were dancing, but it would not do for him to jump up and down like a little girl.

Those were long days, those three days in between, but at last came the big one. Bright and clear it dawned, and from every direction came people riding to the dance.

"It is like the 'Chicken-pull'!" shouted Loki, when he saw Chi-weé coming down from the mesa; Chi-

weé all dressed in her very best, with a green waist and long, brown skirt, and a woven red belt with bobby tassels hanging down. She wore white boots too, and silver bracelets, and a string of silver beads at her throat, and she was very conscious of all this splendor.

"It is like the time at Ganado," called Loki. "Now you will see how that was like. I could not tell you much—it is a *see* thing, not a *tell* thing. But now you will know."

"Yes, I will know," shouted Chi-weé in answer, though she was so near she did not need to shout. "And see how I have wings in my feet," and she jumped high with no effort at all. "To-day I could run faster than the wind—to-day the little hares in the desert could not run so fast as I can run. I will be the one that will win in those races—you shall see!"

"If you will talk so much, Chi-weé," called her mother, laughing, "you will have no breath to win races."

But Chi-weé and Loki gave little heed to words. They climbed into the back of the wagon, for Loki was to ride with them this day, and Loki, too, was dressed as Chi-weé had never seen him; with a plum-colored velvet waist with silver buttons and soft

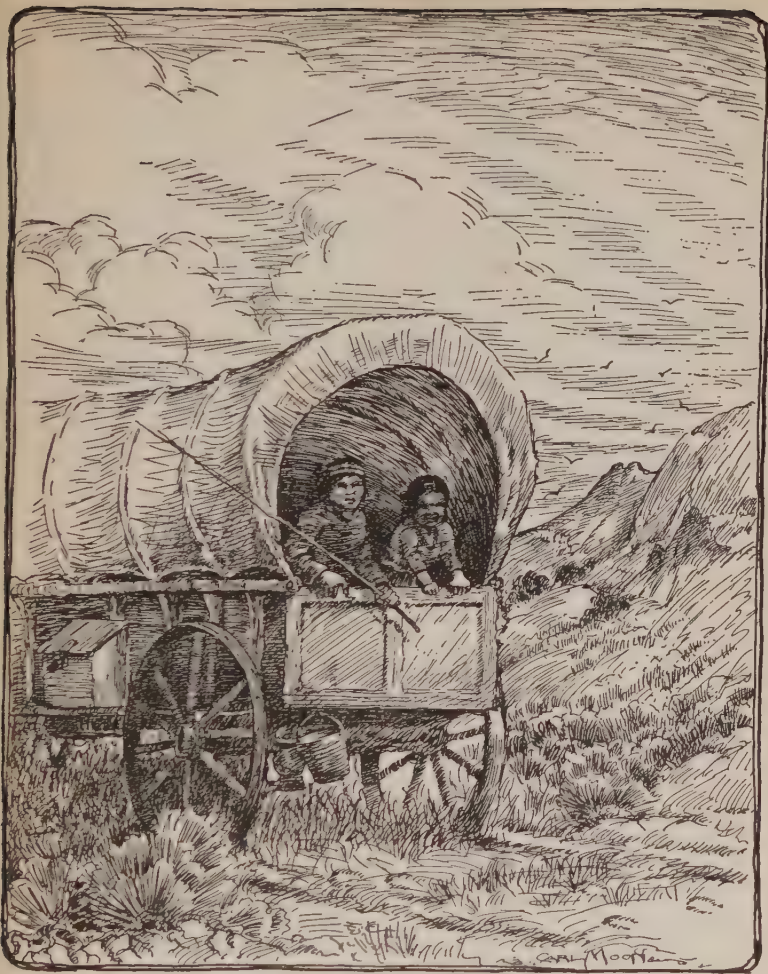
buckskin pants, and a woven red belt around his waist and a red band about his black hair, and in his ears bits of turquoise as blue as the deepest blue of the sky. Chi-weé's father drove the wagon and the mother sat beside him holding the fat baby brother, and in the back, on a pile of blankets sat Loki and Chi-weé, and they all felt that they looked very fine in their best bright clothes.

After this they spoke but little, for the eyes of each were big with thoughts of what was to come this day.

Over the glowing desert they drove, down sandy washes and up again—the steep other side—over rocky stretches and past rocks and buttes of the strangest shape and color. Past clumps of pinyon trees, mesquite and cactus, and always, everywhere, were tumbleweed and sagebrush and the little scurrying animals of the wild places. Other wagons, many of them, were driving in the same direction, and people on horses and burros, and many walking. It was the sort of excitement that Chi-weé and Loki loved, and their hearts sang within them.

Finally, they came to the place. It was at the mouth of a broad cañon, and in this sheltered place were the ranch and the store of the Trader.

Now, it was filled with many people and the noise



They looked very fine in their best bright clothes.

and wagons and confusion made it seem almost like a town, but a town on a holiday, and there was an air of happy excitement over everything.

After a little while, the Trader came out of his store and he told them all that this was a very happy time for him, and that he wanted everybody else to be happy, and so he started the games and said there would be many fine prizes, and especially he said there would be a prize of a big piece of beautiful cloth stuff for the little girl who won in the race. Chi-weé's eyes sparkled at that—and then he said there would be a great feast and everyone was to eat more than they had ever eaten before. The men laughed then, but Chi-weé did not laugh, for it was a serious matter. If she obeyed the Trader she was not just certain what would happen, for there had been times—at other feasts, when good things had tempted very, very strongly—that she had eaten until she had been very sure that she had heard the sewed places of her little dress stretching, and if she ate *more* than that—she wondered if she had better *see* what would happen—and her eyes grew thoughtful for a moment—and THEN—!

“Look—look!” cried someone. “There go the pony races!” and she ran to where the crowd was

thickest, to see. Young men and boys were mounted on ponies and were to race down a place cleared for them. Buried in the sand near one end of the cleared place was a bag with money in it, and just a piece of the neck of the bag stuck out of the sand so the men could reach down and grab for it as they rode past. It was a very exciting race, and many times they grabbed for the bag before one man got it. There were many games that followed the race, some played with balls and some with arrows, and there were other races and tests of strength, and so many things that Chi-weé grew dizzy with trying to see them all. Loki won a game with arrows, and he came running to show how they had given him a beautiful belt with silver buttons on it. And then, at last, came the race for little girls!

When they stood in line for the race, Chi-weé was so excited that at first she could hardly think; and then, very suddenly, she grew quiet and looked around her at the other little girls. Two or three she knew and the others she did not know. They were all as eager and excited as herself and she knew they thought longingly of that beautiful piece of cloth stuff that would make such a lovely warm dress for a little girl. One little girl looked as if the dress she

had on could not last much longer than this day. It was very thin and worn and Chi-weé saw that the little girl was thin too. Two red spots were burning in her cheeks and she looked at Chi-weé with eyes that were very bright.

"If I win this race," she almost whispered to Chi-weé, "my mother will be very glad, and I will be glad. I can run fast—I—I think that I will win."

Chi-weé did not answer, for she thought how fast she too could run. And then came the word to be ready, and then—BANG!—they were off!

At first, they ran all together. But very soon first one and then another dropped behind, and then Chi-weé saw that the little thin girl had told true, for just they two together led all the rest and quickly got a great way ahead. They were running very fast now, but Chi-weé could breathe easily, and she heard the breath of the other girl coming quickly in little short sounds.

"I can win," thought Chi-weé, with fast-beating heart. "Something has said that I could win and it told true. That is very beautiful cloth stuff they will give for a prize—and, look—there is the line that makes the race to end, and I am a great way ahead."

It was true—the other little girl had run slower and slower as they came near to the winning place—and then—such a strange thing happened! As she came almost to the line, Chi-weé dug her little toe into the earth and dropped down in a little bunch on the ground.

“Oh!” cried the other girl, panting as she came close, and she would have stopped, but then *another* strange thing happened, for Chi-weé, without speaking, reached up and gave her a push that sent her stumbling across the winning line, and then she got up and walked slowly across the line herself.

“I stumbled my foot on a little stone,” said Chi-weé then to the other girl. “I am glad that you won the race. You run very fast.”

At first the thin little girl did not know what to do, but the others crowded around her and told her that she had won the race.

“Often people fall when they race,” they said, “and that makes them to lose. Look how you have won this beautiful cloth stuff.”

“And for *you*,” said the Trader, then turning to Chi-weé with a twinkle in his eye that spoke of understanding, “for you there is *this*,” and he shook out of a little bundle a beautiful shawl, the most

beautiful shawl Chi-weé had ever seen, with flowers along the border and a fringe as soft as baby hair. Her eyes flew wide and her little mouth dropped open as she saw it, but longingly her arms reached wide to receive it.

"I—I—do not understand," she said tremblingly. "I did not win a prize."

"You did not *think* you won a prize," said the Trader smilingly, "but for *this* race there are *two* prizes—and this one is for you," and he placed the shawl in her arms.

That night, when they were back in the home place, after a long, long happy day, and Chi-weé was tucked safely in her blankety bed, she held her shawl close to her cheek and remembered the smile of the thin little girl. "How nice to win *two* prizes," she whispered into the soft folds, and settled down to sleep with a great content.

CHAPTER II

LOKI'S ADVENTURE

There's many a little desert trail
With a whirl of sandy glee,
And a clatter of stones
And pinyon cones,
Cries, "Follow—follow me!"

IT HAD been a long time since Chi-weé had played in the desert with Loki and with Ba-ba, her little goat.

Since the big feast day at the trading post there had been many things to do on the mesa-top. There was much corn to dry, and it was fun to spread out the purple and red and yellow ears like a big rug on the flat house-top in the warm sunshine, and there were pumpkins and squash and peaches and apricots and plums, and they made such a good smell as they were drying that Chi-weé grew hungry and tasted each kind to see if they were just right, and they were *always* just right so that she had to keep on tasting them. Then her new father, who was a very good hunter, brought rabbit meat to dry, and one day he



*It was fun to spread out the purple and red and yellow ears
on the flat house-top.*

brought a deer from the far-away hills. It gave them all such a good comfortable feeling to know that when the cold days came and over all the glowing desert there would be a smooth blanket of deep, white snow that there would be a good supply of food tucked away in the storehouse prepared for it, and they would not go hungry this year. It had not always been so: in the time when Chi-weé and her mother lived alone, there had been many days when the little storehouse was altogether empty, and they had sniffed hungrily at the smoke that blew in their door from other dinners cooking; but that made it all the nicer now to think that those hungry days were gone. *Now* was very different, and Chi-weé sniffed very happily at all the good smells, and then she looked far out over the desert.

To-day she did not have to watch the drying things: already they were dry; and her father had gone on a hunt, and her mother had taken the fat little brother to the house of a neighbor, where she was painting pottery jars, and out there in the desert the very air tingled with things to happen, and the sunlight danced a "dare" dance to call her out. Chi-weé did not wait—she could not stay away any more than a little stream can keep from running downhill. She

gave one more good sniff to the sweet-smelling air of the house-top, gathered quickly a little fistful of drying fruit, and scrambled down the ladder into the street, down the street to the top of the trail, and down the trail to the desert, before the bees, buzzing on the house-top, knew that she was gone.

Oh, it was *good* to be in the desert again! First she ran to the corral of Ba-ba, and the little goat needed no second call to come out and start on one of the rambles through sage and sand she loved so well.

Chi-weé fairly danced ahead, and Ba-ba sniffed the air and pranced her hoofs a little too. Down scrambly washes they went, and over hilly places that looked far out into the desert, and from one of these Chi-weé saw a little herd of sheep feeding near at hand, and standing with them a boy. He looked up just as she looked down, and then, with a glad shout, he came bounding toward her leaping like a deer. It was Loki.

“For two days I have waited at the trail for you,” he cried. “Such a great thing I have to tell. Maybe you will not believe it,” and his eyes were shining like stars.

“Tell me—tell me!” cried Chi-weé eagerly. “Is it that something is going to happen?”

"Something *did* happen!" said Loki. "But you must hear all of it."

"It has the sound of a story," said Chi-weé happily, and she sat down on a big rock to listen. What could be more wonderful than to be in the desert on a day like this and listen to a tale that Loki had to tell.

"This is not a story," he said quickly. "This is a *truly* thing that came to me, and very nearly I did not live to tell about it."

"O—o—oh!" cried Chi-weé, and shivered delightfully (she *could* shiver delightfully, since he *was* here to tell it!), "I cannot wait to hear—tell me quickly, Loki."

"Three suns ago, it was," began Loki. "My mother said, 'Leave the sheep in corral to-day, Loki, and go out and hunt for rabbits. We have no meat, and we will not kill the sheep at this time.' I like very much to hunt for rabbits, so I took my rabbit stick" (A rabbit stick is shaped much like a boomerang and the Indians use it very skillfully to bring down small game.), "and started out. I thought maybe you would go with me to hunt."

"Oh," cried Chi-weé, "that is what I would like *best* to do!"

“But you were not on the mesa that day,” continued Loki. “They said you picked peaches in the orchards to dry on the house-tops that day” (Chi-weé nodded), “and so I could not wait longer. It was a nice day and very good for walking in the desert” (Chi-weé wriggled), “so I walked and walked, and it did not matter that for a long time I saw no rabbits. I saw many other things, and I found a place where we can go and play—you will *like* that place, and we will go there soon.”

“*Now!*” cried Chi-weé, jumping up. “Let us go there *now*, Loki—and you can tell me while we go!”

“No,” answered Loki. “It is far—listen to me, and then maybe you will not want to go now,” and Chi-weé sat down again, but her eyes were bright with excitement.

“After a long time, I saw one rabbit and I killed him, and then I saw another, but I did not kill him, for he ran into a very rocky place and was out of sight quickly in some bushes. My rabbit stick was lost in the rocks, and while I looked for it, a little rock rolled under my foot, and then a *big* one rolled over and caught my foot in a way that I could not move. I pushed and pulled and used all the strength that is in me, but I could not move the rock, and I

could not move my foot. It did not hurt very greatly, but I began to think, 'I am so far away no one could hear if I called, and hardly ever would any one come this way. My mother did not know in which way I had gone, and maybe, for many days, I could wait there and no one would come.'

"Oh," breathed Chi-weé softly, "poor Loki."

He looked at her and smiled.

"But something more strange than that will come," he said. "Maybe you will think that I do not tell true."

"Oh, no," said Chi-weé. "Oh, no, Loki. Tell me."

"For a long time, I could not move, and I looked at the sky and the rocks and the sage—and I listened to the desert sounds——"

"Did you listen for that little voice that always helps?" asked Chi-weé. "*Always*, at any time, and for *everything*, there is something that you can *do*, and if you listen very, very carefully, a little voice will tell you what it is. Did you listen for that voice, Loki?"

"I think I do not know about the voice," said Loki, "but maybe, even if you do not know, it helps you."

"Yes," said Chi-weé quickly, "I think that too. Tell me the rest."

"For a long time, not anything at all came," continued Loki, "and then—I heard a rustling in the sage. At first, I thought it was a rabbit, but quickly the sound was too great for that. A coyote came next to my thought, and then a deer. It came closer and closer. I would have had no fear thoughts at all if I could run, but it is different when you must stay still and wait. I thought I would call out, but my voice sound would not come, and then I did nothing at all but wait. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and I felt very sure now what it was, and in a very little I could see him coming through the sage—it was a bear—a great one! And he would stop and sniff with his nose and lift his head high in the air, and for a long time he would wait in one place, and then he would come again a little nearer."

Chi-weé was breathing fast now, with big eyes and the very closest attention to every word.

"I could not make a sound with my voice," went on Loki. "I could not move my hand. I felt like a stone thing—and he came nearer and nearer—that bear. When he saw me, he stopped and put out his nose and sniffed again, and then I made a noise—



*"I could see him coming
through the sage—it was a bear
—a great one!"*

a kind of noise with my mouth—but it did not frighten him, and he only came more slowly. When he reached me he put down his head and sniffed all over me. I cannot tell you what a feeling I had, but I did not move. I thought very surely he would eat me, but he began only to sniff more quickly. More and more quickly he sniffed, and then he began to growl a little. The rabbit I had killed was under the rock that was on top of my foot, and it must be he was looking for that rabbit, for he pushed and pushed on the rock with his nose, and then with his paw, until, in a little, the rock rolled away and I could move my foot, but I did not move it, for I thought he would bite me if I did. I lay just like a rock all this time, and he did not bite me. When he found the rabbit under the stone, he took it in his mouth, and then he walked away and did not look back at me one time.”

“Oh!” breathed Chi-weé again, and though it said many things, that little word, it did not interrupt.

“Then I was free,” went on Loki, “and that time I escaped, but that was not all that happened. As soon as the bear had gone far enough so that I could see he was not coming back, I jumped up from the

rocks, and it was very good to have two feet again. I did not find the rabbit stick, and as soon as I was out of the rocks I began to run. I ran fast. It was not that I had fear—but—but—I ran——” and Loki felt that his face was red. But Chi-weé was comforting.

“I know,” she said. “And what came then, Loki?”

“I ran so fast I did not look much at what I saw, and soon I came to a little wash. It was steep, and there were big bushes. I went right to the edge, and then it must have been that something held me back, for when I looked down, I was almost on top of that same bear again! It was hard to stop, but I *did* stop! I think the bear did not see me, but I did not cross the wash just at that place.”

Chi-weé could not help it—a little giggle began somewhere inside her. She tried to look serious, and she tried to hold her mouth still, but it would not do it, and in just a minute she began to laugh. Loki looked at her, and the corners of *his* mouth curled up, and then, in a little, the two of them were laughing until the tears ran down their cheeks. They laughed and laughed and did not know why they laughed, but Chi-weé, in a little, when she could get her breath, said:

"If you had jumped on that bear—oh, Loki—I think *he* would have been the afraid one! And after that, did you catch him again? Did you bring home a bear to your mother instead of those rabbits?"

"No," answered Loki, still laughing, "but I thought for a while that he followed me. I thought the whole desert was full of bears after that—and I ran faster than at the races at the Traders'. If I could run like that for prizes, I would get a great many," and they both laughed gleefully again.

"G—r—r—ouw!" said a great roaring sound from the bushes just back of Chi-weé—and, without one single look, the two of them jumped high over the rocks—and ran! *Never* had they run like that!

"Oh, what is it?" cried Chi-weé, but she did not stop to ask, "What is that terrible thing, Loki? Is it that bear?"

Loki did not slacken his pace, but he stole one look back at the place where they had been. And then he ran just a little slower. He was puzzled, and his voice showed it as he answered:

"It—it—looks——" he said, and then he stopped running altogether. He had given another look back, and now he began to walk slowly, with his head very high in the air. His face was red too.

"It is growing late," he said to Chi-weé, "I must take my sheep back to corral."

Chi-weé, in amazement, stopped short, and with one look at Loki she turned her head and looked back at the place where they had been. There were still queer sounds, but they did not sound like growls now.

"It is old Mah-pee-ti," she said then, very slowly. "It must be he was behind those bushes and heard about that bear," and stealing another look at the red face of Loki, Chi-weé doubled up in a little bunch on the ground and laughed until her sides ached. But Loki did not laugh this time. It made him angry, just at first, to be so fooled by an old man—an old man who was still laughing so hard he could not even look up. (And those were the other queer sounds Chi-weé had heard.)

"It is late," said Loki with great dignity, "and I am going home with my sheep."

The *outside* of Chi-weé stopped smiling then, but the inside did not stop—she would not for anything hurt Loki.

"I thought it was a bear, Loki," she said, "and when I jumped, that made you jump." Loki did not answer, but he made a great pretense of tighten-

ening the belt at his waist, and Chi-weé heard another funny sound from the place they had left. She looked cautiously back and saw an old man wiping tears of laughter from his eyes with the corner of his blanket, and as she looked, he sat down weakly on the rock where she had sat.



CHAPTER III

BA-BA IS LOST

How big the world—how very wide it seems—
When just at dark the little starlets fleck the sky,
And far away—almost as far as dreams—
Across the dusky desert comes—a lone coyote's cry!

HAVE you a mad feeling for that old man, Loki?" asked Chi-weé a little timidly, looking up into his face, as they walked to where the sheep were. "How could you have a mad feeling for old Mah-pee-ti, when he is a so good old man? See, how he laughs."

Loki looked, and a slow grin began to come on his face.

"He is a good bear," he said, half reluctantly. "He is such a good bear, I think he should have a new name—old Growly Voice would be a good one."

"Yes," said Chi-weé, with a little skip of returning joy, "and he would be a good one to keep near the sheep—the coyotes would have fear to come then. And, oh, look, how beautiful is our desert this day! I think *never* has it been so beautiful. And why do you say it is late? See how the blue shadows are all tucked in under the trees. It is just the middle part of the daytime, and I have *this* to eat"—and she searched the front of her little waist where she had stuffed the dry fruit—"and over there are pinyon trees, and it is the time of little nuts."

Old Mah-pee-ti watched them from the rock where he sat, and his eyes still twinkled. He called to them now.

"Here is piki bread, more than I can eat, and a gourd of water. Will you come and eat with an old bear man? And where is that little white goat that is always with you in the desert?"

Chi-weé stopped suddenly and a look of alarm came into her eyes. She looked quickly around.

"Ba-ba!" she cried. "Ba-ba, come!" but no little white goat came and nowhere could she be seen.

"Did you see my little white goat go?" she asked Mah-pee-ti, but he shook his head.

"I have not seen the little goat," he said, "but eat this bread before you go to look for her. Little goats can wait, but hunger will only grow much bigger."

"I will take some," said Chi-weé hurriedly, "and give you thanks for it, but it may be a great time that my little goat is lost—for much time we did not look—and I will go now——"

"I will go too," said Loki, and hesitated. He looked from his sheep to the old man and back again.

Mah-pee-ti did not seem to see him, but he spoke without lifting his head.

"The sheep will be very safe while old bear man watches," and there was a grin in his voice. And Loki looked at Chi-weé, but he did not speak, there did not seem to be just the right words to say. They walked quickly away then, looking in every direction.

"She cannot be a great way from here," said Loki. "We will find her very soon. Let us go to a high rock and look from there."

They found one not very far away and scrambled

to the top. But, though they could see many white spots that *might* be Ba-ba, they could not be sure about any of them, and to go close to all of them would not be a possible thing.

"What shall we do?" cried Chi-weé. "It has been a long time that Bab-ba has not been in the desert, and she will get very lost," and she called loudly again, many times, but there were no sounds but the desert sounds that are always there.

A boy rode by on a little burro, but when they asked him if he had seen a little white goat, he shook his head and made a face at Loki as he rode by.

"I have a plan," said Loki then. "She may be in that wash," and he indicated with his mouth—the Navajo Indians do not point with the finger, but make a gesture with the pursed lips in the direction they wish to indicate—a little sandy ravine close at hand. "And that is why we do not see her. You go one way along the edge, and I will go the other way, and we will see her very soon."

Chi-weé looked at him doubtfully, but his manner was very certain, much more certain than he felt, and he started off, looking down into the little wash as he went. So she started in the other direction, and as she could see quite far ahead, she began to

run—Chi-weé would *always* much rather run than walk!—but as she was looking down into the wash, and not where she ran, very suddenly she tripped over a root of sage and sat down *hard* in a little thick bush and then—she *screamed*—so loud that Loki turned as if someone had pulled him by the arm, and came leaping back through the sagebrush.

“What is it?” he cried. “What is it?—a snake?”

“Oh—it—it——” Chi-weé could hardly get her breath, but she was laughing now. “It was a little rabbit—but I thought—when it jumped through that bush—I *thought* it was a *bear*!”

Loki was a little pale and he did not laugh. He had been frightened this time. The desert had never frightened him before, but when Chi-weé cried out and he had not been there, a big fear had caught hold of his heart, and he could not shake it off quickly.

“I think,” he said, “if you will stay right here, I will go back and get my arrows and bow. I left them by the sheep. And then, if a bear *should* come——” and he looked very strong and big. Chi-weé liked him to look that way. Always she felt very safe with Loki, and she knew he would not let anything hurt her.

"Yes, and if a rabbit comes again, we could get him for our supper," she said, and Loki walked back to where the sheep were, but he turned his head many times to see that she was safe.

"Now," he said, when he got back, "even a bear could come and he could not hurt you."

"I almost caught that rabbit in the bush," said Chi-weé. "When I fell, he was almost under my hand."

"Then the first one we shoot shall be for you," said Loki, "for it was your rabbit that made me go to get my bow and arrows. Can you see any tracks that might be of Ba-ba in that wash?"

"Look!" cried Chi-weé suddenly. "Is that Ba-ba away down there?"

Loki looked, and it *did* seem to be a white goat or a sheep quite a way down the wash, but it was not very clear, and something dark seemed to be moving in front of it.

"Wait!" said Loki. "We will go very, very carefully. There is some animal there that is not a goat."

And creeping along the edge of the wash, they went toward the little white spot as quickly as they could without making a noise. The wind was com-

ing toward them, and that was good, for an animal could not smell them as they came.

"Wait!" said Loki again. "It is a big coyote that is trying to get the goat. You must stop here. For I will have to shoot very carefully not to harm that little goat."

"Oh!" cried Chi-weé, in a low voice. "Do not hurt my Ba-ba," and she stopped in the bushes and waited with fast-beating heart for what would happen. She had no fear of coyotes for herself or for Loki, but for Ba-ba that was very different. Often they stole the sheep of Loki and they might take the little goat this time. She could see him now, very plainly—a big, hungry-looking coyote, and he walked up and down in front of the little goat who stood with head down pawing the ground in a very defiant way.

Loki crept nearer and nearer, and Chi-weé clasped her hands and whispered under her breath:

"Oh, I know the Great Spirit will not let my little Ba-ba to be hurt."

Loki had stopped now, and he put an arrow to the string and drew his bow—then he waited for a time when the coyote would be a little way from the goat. He waited and waited—to Chi-weé it seemed

that he would never shoot—but when he did, she started at the sharp “twang” of the string.

They both jumped to their feet and looked to see what happened. The arrow had struck the coyote, but it did not kill him, for he sprang up the side of the wash away from them and disappeared in the sage. The little goat raised its head suddenly in surprise, and Chi-weé gave a cry—for it was *not* Ba-ba! It did not wait to give them any thanks at all, but flew with a clatter of little hoofs away up the wash and was out of sight in a moment.

Chi-weé and Loki stood and looked at each other and they did not know whether they felt glad or sorry. They were glad they had saved the little goat from the coyote, but very sorry it was not Ba-ba.

“But you can shoot arrows,” said Chi-weé proudly. “Like a man hunter, you shoot arrows.”

And Loki, pretending not to hear, examined very carefully the arrows that were left in his hand. But he *did* hear, and he made his shoulders square and held his head high as they walked on in a little, still looking for the goat of Chi-weé.

“Look,” said Loki suddenly, “under that bush is a rabbit. I will get him for your supper,” and again he put an arrow to the string

He felt very proud as he handed the rabbit to Chi-weé—he had shot it clean through the head—but she looked at it sideways and did not want to touch it at first.

“I like rabbits to *eat*,” she said, “and I give you thanks for this one, but—but I think I like them in the sage more.”

He nodded. Chi-weé had said that other times—but she *did* like them in the big iron pot, too—very much—and Loki knew that well.

How they looked and looked, and called and called for that little goat, until the great shadows began to creep down from the hills and the evening chill came into the air, and then Loki said:

“Your mother will have worry thoughts for you, and that old man will want to go to his home place, and I must go to my sheep and take them back to corral for the night.” And when he was gone, Chi-weé felt a big sorry place in her heart, for they had not found that little goat. She walked very slowly as she came near to the mesa, and her feet were tired and heavy. It must be that Ba-ba was really lost this time. It seemed as if she and Loki had searched over the whole desert for her. What a lonely place the little corral would be with no Ba-ba to nibble

its bars, and she looked over to where it was, near the foot of the mesa trail.

She looked and stopped. Then she looked again and rubbed her eyes. What *was* that little bunch of white that stood in the corner of the corral and waited for her coming?

Then she *ran* the little way that remained.

"It *is* my Ba-ba goat!" she cried. "But *how* did you come to this place?"

"B—a—a—ah!" answered Ba-ba, and in little goat talk that meant, "Why did *you* wait so long in coming?"

And Chi-weé threw her arm around the little goat and hugged her tight blissfully.

She was not tired *now*—and what a wonderful day it had been in the desert with Loki—and for supper there would be a stew—a rabbit stew!

"Oh, Ba-ba!" she cried. "How I wish that little goats could eat rabbit stew!"

But Ba-ba did not answer this time. Chi-wee had given her a big handful of fresh grass and she was a *very* polite little goat and would not speak with her mouth full!

CHAPTER IV

LOKI LAUGHS

Across the wide and open plains, a-sailing we will go,
Nor all the winds or whirling sands as free as we—Ho, Ho!
My pony is my sturdy ship; the sand my rolling sea,
Not all the people in the land are half so gay as we!

CHI-WEÉ and Loki were sitting on a stone near the spring at the foot of the mesa, and he had told her of the thing that had happened to him that day, but for laughing he could hardly speak, and Chi-weé, as she watched him, had to bite very hard the little inside corners of her lips, for they wanted to laugh too, but always she had been taught from a very little baby *never* to laugh at those who are old or helpless, and she must not now.

“I think it is wrong,” she said gravely, “very wrong for you to laugh like that at a very old man, Loki.”

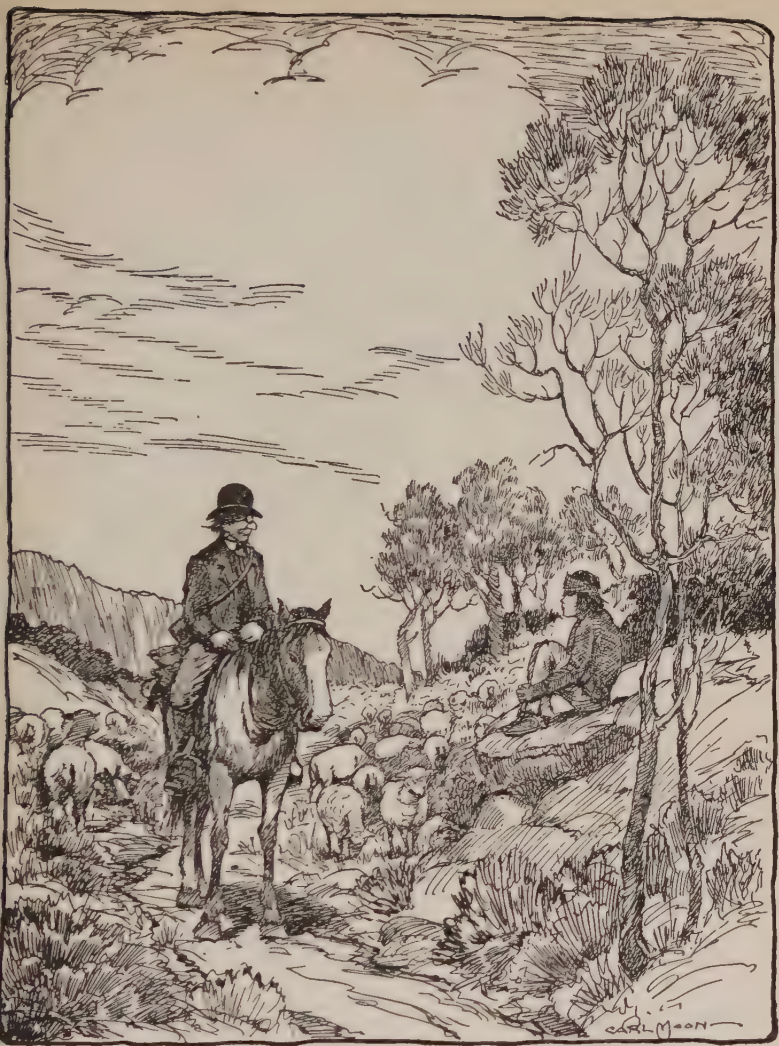
“He was not a *very* old man,” answered Loki, “only a little old.” And then he tried to show her through his eyes just what had happened—and it was like this:

Very early that same morning, Loki had started out from the home-place with his sheep. Loki did not have a pony—that was the one sad part of his life, that he did not have a pony. Always he had been too poor to buy one. The few sheep that he and his mother owned, and the blankets she could weave when she could get enough wool, brought them all the money they had, and it was enough only to buy food and the few other things they needed in their simple living. Every other Navajo boy he knew had a pony, so, at times, when he watched them riding wildly over the desert, Loki felt very sad. He could ride—he could ride as well as any of them, and sometimes a boy would let him ride his pony for a long time, and he felt then as if he were the happiest boy in the world. But now he only walked with the sheep, and could not find them new grazing grounds far from home, as did the others.

The desert this day looked like something beautiful that had just been scrubbed with soap-weed and water, it was so clean and bright, and the air was crystal clear. All the distant buttes looked almost as if you could reach out your hand and touch them, but Loki knew them to be very far away—and the desert smells too were sharp and clear—he could

tell each one from the others—and the little ground creatures made quick scurrying noises from bush to bush as if they knew they had to be very, very wise not to be caught this tingling, lively morning.

Loki always loved the desert. His quiet life with the sheep had taught him to see and hear and smell all the life that slips by unseen by those who have not the sharp ears and sight of desert folk. And so he had seen the little professor man a long way off. A queer little white man with black clothes, who rode his horse as a big sack of grain rides—all joggly and moving from side to side—but very happy and paying no attention to the horse at all, but looking very attentively at every tree and rock that he passed. He wore spectacles with great black rims on them, and a hat different from any hat Loki had ever seen. Loki had heard many things about this queer little man: how he went into people's houses and looked at their blankets and old pottery and asked questions about them. He told them that he belonged to a place called a museum, away back in the white man's country, and the museum was a place where they paid a great deal of money for very old things—not *all* old things, but the kinds that



A queer little white man with black clothes.

helped them to know about people who lived many, many ages ago. So Loki was very eager to see the little man for himself and learn more about him.

Loki had taken the sheep this day to a place where he very often came. It was on the edge of an arroyo or wash that had a little stream running down the center of it—a little stream that was usually just a narrow thread of water, but at this time, the rains had made it much larger, and there were big caved-in places at many points along the wash where the water had sucked the sand away from under the high bank and it had fallen in. It was very steep at many of these places.

Loki had watched the little man coming across the desert on his horse, and it was plain to see that he was making for this very place, and soon he reached the wash itself.

That seemed to make him very happy. He got down quickly from his horse and began to examine all the places where the water had broken the bank away—and in a little while he gave a cry, like a child, and came running toward Loki. There was much excitement in his face, and he waved his hands up and down.

“Boy—boy!” he cried. “Come here! Can you understand English? I do not speak Indian-talk. Look at this. Come here!”

And Loki, wondering greatly, walked toward the little man, who grabbed him by one arm and pointed in great excitement to a little place in the opposite side of the bank.

“Look at that!” he cried, and pointed with his finger as if he were boring a hole in something. “Do you see that?” and he looked beamingly at Loki, and Loki looked. Yes, he could see what the little man was pointing at, he had seen it before only a little while ago and had been sorry. There had been a little cave he had found in the bank of the arroyo, and he had come there often to play. Once he had brought an old jar here that his mother had blackened in the firing and could not sell, and in the jar he had put some of his treasures—broken bits of pottery and arrowheads and an old stone pipe that he had found in the old ruins along the arroyo bank—and now the water had taken the whole front of the little cave away and left only a shelf in the sand bank, and he could see the jar still in its place where he had left it, and that was what the little man saw and what he called to him about!

"How can we get across?" cried the man again then, and he was almost breathless, he was so excited.

"Do you want to get across?" asked Loki slowly, and he was much surprised.

The man almost shouted then.

"The water has opened up that cave," he said. "Of course, you do not understand—it is very old. Look!—I can see pottery things from here—and there may be other things."

"Yes," answered Loki, and he was still puzzled. "I can see that jar——"

"I must have those things, all of them," cried the man. "It is very important—I must have those things!"

"Pooh!" answered Loki, and he grinned a little now. "Those are nothing—they are old——"

"Yes, yes!" The little man was more excited than ever. "Yes, they are old. That is why I want them."

"My mother will make for you new jars——" began Loki, but the man would not let him finish.

"I will give you a dollar—*two* dollars, if you will get those things for me."

That was very plain talk. Loki could understand

that kind of talk, and he did not waste any more time.

"I will get the jar for you," he said, and looked about to see how he could get across the arroyo. The bank was steep, and he knew that it might give way at any place just as it had done where the little cave was, but he was not afraid and felt very sure he could reach the jar.

"Wait," he said to the little man. "I will go up the wash a little way where it is not quite so steep."

The man nodded.

"I will wait here," he said, "so we will not lose the place. And any other thing that is with that jar—do not forget—bring it too."

Loki grinned. Just a little it was beginning to seem funny to him. He did not know why this little man should want such foolish things—the things he played with—and the old jar his mother had made, but white men did many queer things, and he could laugh at this with much happiness if he was to have money for it—two whole silver dollars. Almost he felt like dancing the little jiggy dance that Chi-weé always danced when she was very happy—and Chi-weé would *be* very happy when he told her about this day.

It did not take him long to find a place that was low enough to cross, and he waded through the little stream and was up the other bank very quickly. Then he ran back to the place across from the man who stood there waving his arms, afraid that he would not come to the right spot.

"Right there!" he shouted. "It is in the bank just under the place where you are!"

Loki grinned again but he did not say anything. Very well he knew that the place was right there.

"And how will you reach it now?" cried the man. "Be careful—be very careful that you do not break any of the pottery. The bank will not hold—be very careful, I say." And just as he shouted and danced in excitement, the bank under the little professor man, *not* under Loki! gave way—and he went sprawling and sliding and grabbing with helpless hands—down the muddy side of the wash into the little stream. It was so sudden and he looked so surprised that it was hard for Loki to keep from laughing, but this time he did not laugh—not until afterward. He sprang down the side of the bank and was in the water almost as soon as the little man was.

"It is—all right," Loki said breathlessly. "I

get you out," and he did pull him out—up the slippery side of the wash they went scrambling until they both reached the top and lay gasping.

The little professor man was not mad. Much to Loki's surprise, he was not mad.

"I am glad," he said, as soon as he could get his breath, "I am glad it was *my* side that caved in—that jar might have been broken!" And he did not seem to mind the mud or to think about himself at all.

"But," said Loki again then, "maybe you do not understand, it is not a good jar—I will get a *good* jar for you."

But the little man shook his head very hard.

"No, no," he said. "You are the one who does not understand. I tell you I want *that* jar!—and now, how shall we get it?"

"That is easy," said Loki, and he began to climb down the bank as he spoke. "I will get down under the cave and then climb up to it." And almost as fast as he spoke he had done it and brought back the jar to the man, who took it with hands that trembled so greatly with eagerness that Loki thought he was going to drop it and break it after all. But he did not drop it, and he examined it very carefully and

looked at the things inside, and then a sharp note of disappointment came into his voice. He clucked his tongue against his teeth.

"Too bad—too bad," he said over and over to himself. "It is not so old after all. I wonder how it got into that place?—Too bad." He handled the little things that were inside the jar a little differently. "These are old," he said, "and well worth the two dollars, but that jar——" and again he shook his head.

Loki, in spite of how funny he looked, felt a little sorry for the man. If it was old jars and things that he wanted, he could tell him where to find some that were so old that the oldest men who lived could not tell who had made them. And when Loki came to this part of his story, he could not sit still on the rock any longer.

"I told him," he said excitedly to Chi-weé, "I told him about that place 'way up in the cañon wall where the old stone houses are—and there *are* jars and lots of old things there."

"Yes," nodded Chi-weé, "I know how there are things."

"When I told him that," went on Loki, "he dropped his big glass things off his eyes, and his face

was red in spots. 'Do you tell me what is true?' he said, and then he said—he said—" Chi-weé had never seen Loki in such excitement, and she knew he was going to say some wonderful thing—"he said that if he found many old—*very* old jars and things up there, he would give me the thing I wanted more than any other thing in the world, and when I told him that was a pony, he said, all right, he would give me a pony! And when the to-morrow sun is up, we will go to that place and I will show him the pottery jars and the many other old things. A lot of things are there—and I will have a pony——" He stopped, and *had* to dance up and down, and he was too excited to say any more just then.

"When he told you *that*, you did not laugh," said Chi-weé, and her eyes were bright with happiness for her friend. "And, oh, Loki—could a pony take me too? Could there be a time when *I* could ride?"

"There would be *many* times when you could ride," he said proudly. "A pony is very strong—we could go far out in the desert. Maybe to places where no other one has ever gone."

"O—o—oh!" breathed Chi-weé, "I *like* that old professor man. Do you think he would like those little pink shells I found in that place—too?"

And the professor man *did* like the shells very much, and he was so happy and excited about the jars and the other old things that he told Loki they were worth many horses, and he gave him a spotted pony and a very good bridle and a nice new rope, and when he heard about Chi-weé, he took Loki with him to the Trader's store and made him show the things that Chi-weé would like best, and he bought them for her—a jar of pink-striped candy, and a string of tiny silver beads, and a leather collar for Ba-ba with silver buttons on it.

“I think there must be something very queer in that old man's head,” said Loki, when he gave them to her. “Maybe there is a witch in him to make him do the way he did. *Never* have I seen a man act like that before. When he saw those jars and things, he danced like the clown men in the fire dance. Sometimes I feel like that *inside* but something will not let me be that way *outside*. I feel like that when I think of my pony,” he added with a happy grin.

“And I feel like that this *now!*” said Chi-weé, as she hugged the candy and beads and little collar to her heart. “I think it is just because that old man is young in his heart, like we are young, and his

outside cannot keep him from that happy-acting. I am glad he is like that—I am glad for *him!*”

“And I am glad,” said Loki, and he jumped on his pony and, waving good-bye to Chi-weé, rode joyously away into the desert, where the long shadows told Chi-weé it was the hour when the big iron pot in the home place began to bubble and send forth appetizing odors, and that thought was quite enough to send her flying up the trail.





Loki and his pony.

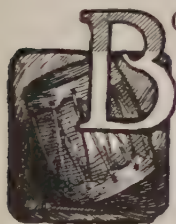
CHAPTER V

THE HIDDEN SHRINE

Far out in the painted desert, hear the booming of the drum!
Hear it calling to the dancers—to the clowns and dancers—
“COME!”

With its thrumming and its droning and its “BOOM—BOOM—
BOOM!”

Hear the thunder and the calling of the drum!



BOOM — BOOM — BOOM!” sounded all through the Pueblo. “Boom—Boom—Boom!” It was the big drum down in the Kiva, where there was ceremony. For three days the drum had sounded without stopping, and the ears of Chi-weé throbbed with it—her feet kept time to it, and the little household tasks she did went, “Boom—Boom—Boom!” until she felt as if she were part of the drum itself. But she was very happy and very excited. A great dance would be held this day. For many days they had been preparing for it. Chi-weé herself had ground much corn and helped with the seed cakes, and had

watched them roasting great shoulders of mutton. There would be a feast, and Loki would come from the desert.

And there was the dance itself. Several times she had seen it, but always it made the little shivers run up and down her back to see the wriggling snakes held in the mouths and hands of the men—and the men themselves, with their faces painted white from the chin down and the zig-zagging white lines on their bodies, looked very strange and like things in a dream.

They said the dance was to bring the rain. For long, now, there had been no rain, and the crops in the little fields looked dried and rusty with thirst, and every day the springs grew less. It was a very serious thing to have no rain in the time of rain in the desert. But Chi-weé did not know how, if the men danced, that would bring it. She had been told that prayers and songs were sung to the snakes, down in the Kiva, and then, when the dance was over, they were sent as messengers to the underground gods, and would carry the prayers with them to the hidden springs and to the “four ways” where the wise ones lived. But she thought that if they had no dance at all, the Great Spirit would send the rain

just the same—He always had. But the dance was nice, and if the medicine men thought that way, perhaps it was better than having no dance at all. So she sang a little song to the “Boom—booming” of the drum, and brushed the floor of her little room until it was almost shiny, it was so clean. And then she ran to the door and looked for any new thing happening in the street.

All the town was hustling and hurrying to the “Boom—Boom—Boom” of that Kiva drum. Her mother was with other women still preparing the good things for the feast, and her father was down there with the medicine men in the Kiva, she had hardly seen him at all for the last three days, and when she did see him he seemed so strange with his sheep-hoof rattles around one ankle and the queer paintings of his body that she stood at a distance and watched him with big eyes.

The little brother (he could walk now and was always getting into some mischief) ran about the room and got into the way of her sweeping and laughed up into her face when she pretended to scold—Chi-weé was not very good at scolding and she always ended with a big hug, so he did not mind that very much.

“BOOM—BOOM—BOOM!” went the drum, and “BOOM—BOOM—BOOM” went Chi-weé with her dusting of the stones of the little hearth. “BOOM—BOOM—BOOM!” said the little baby brother, and Chi-weé laughed and grabbed him up with a big hug.

“Soon you will be a great man,” she cried, “and then you will go down in the Kiva and beat that drum.”

“Boom—Boom!” he said again, and they both laughed once more.

Out in the street, the people were laughing, too, and the sunlight danced and sparkled over sage and butte and mesa-top. It was the *kind* of a day for a dance, and for a feast, and for a happy time!

The little house was very clean now—there were only two rooms, so it did not take a great while—and Chi-weé dusted out her skirts and gave a pat to her hair. She did not dust off the baby’s clothes, for he did not have any on. It was much more comfortable that way, and he would have felt very queer and stuffy, dressed.

In the street, there were many people all hurrying to the open place on the edge of the mesa where the dance was to be held. One called to Chi-weé:



The little brother could walk now

"You will have to go fast, or you will find no place to sit to watch the dance."

Another little girl cried:

"I think all the people in the world have come to this place—look how the house-tops are all black with people."

And it was true, Chi-weé felt confused with the many strange faces, and stood silently watching on the edge of the crowd.

In a little, she saw her mother who called to her:

"Bring that baby brother to me, Chi-weé. I have a good place where we can sit in the shadow of a wall." And Chi-weé turned to find him. But in the great crowd he was not to be seen—and in the street he was not to be seen, or back in the little home. At first, Chi-weé did not think it strange, with so much noise and confusion and so many people everywhere he might be anywhere. But, after a little while, he did not seem to be anywhere at all, and no one had seen him.

After she had looked everywhere she thought he might be, Chi-weé went to the edge of the mesa and looked down. Her heart crept up into her throat and seemed to stay right there, and the fear thoughts crowded into her mind. It was very, very steep at

the edge of the mesa, and there were big rocks below but she pushed the thoughts back—she *knew* her little baby brother had *not* fallen over that edge—inside of her a little voice said, “No—no!” and she knew it spoke true.

“He is safe *somewhere*,” she whispered to herself, “but I must *find* that somewhere. My mother must not know—she must have happy thoughts this day. The Great Spirit will help me to find that baby,” and again she went to all the places where she had been before and looked and called. She asked everyone she saw if they had seen a very little baby boy with a very big smile, but they all shook their heads and laughed a little.

“You will find him soon,” they said. “He cannot be far from here.”

But she did *not* find him soon. It was time for the dance—yes—the drum sound was changing. Now it sounded nearer, and very much plainer, and she knew they had brought it up into the plaza-place. But Chi-weé could not look at the dance. She was back in the little town searching up and down the streets and in the houses—and calling, calling. . . . There was the shuffle of many feet now—and the

sound of the rattles and the songs of the chanters—they were dancing!

Chi-weé thought suddenly of those snakes! And she had said—aloud to the little brother she had said it—that some day *he* would go down in the Kiva and beat that drum—had he gone there now? Once before *she* had gone down into that Kiva—and she shivered at the thought—down there where no one but the medicine men were supposed to go, and where little girls were especially *forbidden* to go—and she had promised old Lampayo, the chief medicine man, that never, never again would she do such a dreadful thing. That time she had gone to find her doll, and now, if she had to go again—to find another kind of doll—? She tried to keep the thought of those snakes away. They did not bite the men who danced—they were a kind of *good* snake—maybe——

As she thought these things her feet were taking her toward the open place again where the song of the dancers and sound of rattles and boom of the drum were very loud and made her head feel queer—but the Kiva was there. Just then a voice called to her:

“That baby brother does not like the drum—see,

how he goes away from it." Chi-weé stopped as suddenly as if she had run into a house wall.

"Where?" she cried, "Where is he?" and she saw the voice belonged to a small boy, who grinned at her. He threw his head back and pointed with his lips to beyond the town where the mesa-top grew narrow in a long, rocky ridge out into the desert. There were no houses there, but far out on a point an old ruined place stood where many said the witches lived.

Chi-weé could see no tiny speck out there that might be a fat baby boy, but without waiting for more words, she ran as fast as she could out to the big, bare place.

Her heart bounded up now like a happy bird. She forgot the snakes and the Kiva and the dark thoughts—out here the air was free and she could dance with the sunlight, and surely behind one of these rocks where there were so many good hiding-places she would find the little brother.

She had not been out in this place many times. It was not a play place. There were great cracks in the rocks where the medicine men came once in a long while to hold ceremony, but the children were told not to play in this place.

From here the music of the dance sounded far

away, and it seemed almost as if there were no one else in all the world.

Chi-weé looked behind and around and under big rocks and down into cracks that were dark and queer looking, and she called louder and louder. Finally, from somewhere, came an answering sound:

“BOOM—Boom!” said a little voice and Chi-weé gave a little jump and a glad cry. But where did it come from? She could not see anything at all, and it *seemed* to come from under her feet. She ran back and forth like a little animal until she saw where an edge of rock hung over a great crack in such a way as almost completely to hide it, and from there came the voice. One side slanted down and then dropped straight into blackness. Chi-weé hesitated before she let herself down—how would she ever get back again? But she had thought too late, for with a slip of her fingers and a little slide of her body, and a soft “plump” as she fell into something that felt very much like her own little bed at home, she was already down! But the baby was there and shouted with glee as she landed by his side, and Chi-weé hugged him until he squealed.

“Boom—boom—boom!” he shouted, and Chi-weé laughed.

“But *this* is not the Kiva,” she said, “and, oh, how I am glad this is *not* that Kiva. You must not beat the drum down here. And now we must go. You will like to see that dance—and that feast—we must go quickly!”

It was such an easy thing to say, but what a very hard thing to do, and Chi-weé could not see just at this minute how they were going to do it at all. It was dark in this crack and wide enough to move comfortably, but there was no way to get up the steep sides that were solid rock. Chi-weé stood on the tip of her toes and reached up as far as she could with her arms, but she just touched slanting rock that did not give one tiny place to catch hold of. It was as if water had run over this place from the rains—age after age it ran from the top of the mesa into the crack and had worn the sides very smooth. It looked like a pile of blankets that Chi-weé had fallen on, but it was very old and went to pieces as she touched it. The little brother watched her carefully as she examined the crack, and his face grew more serious. He rubbed his little hands over the rock and felt the blanket as he had seen her do, and there was question in his eyes, but Chi-weé smiled at him and he grew happy again.

“We cannot get up in this one place,” she said to him softly, “but we will walk a little, and *then* we will find a place.” It was a comfort not to be alone this time. The crack was pretty dark, and not any sound at all could they hear but a little wind-sound that made a droning like bees.

Chi-weé took the chubby, little brother in her arms—he was pretty small, and she liked to feel his warm little body against her. He was not *very* heavy, and anyway, she did not care to walk fast, for every step she took she looked very carefully at that rock wall to see if it grew any lower or offered any little hand hold. But it did not grow lower, it seemed to be higher as they walked on, but a little fresh breeze began to blow from the crack in front of them, and Chi-weé thought suddenly that it might lead out that way into a trail down the mesa-side.

She began to go more quickly now, and the baby clung tightly to her neck. They turned several times, and two times they came to other old bundles of blankets, but Chi-weé walked carefully around them with her thoughts ahead on the path that was before them. After what seemed a long time, she saw a lighter place, and quickly came into a little cave with a big hole in one side of it that looked out

over the beautiful desert all golden in the sunlight. But there was no trail down from the little cave, it was like a bird nest on the side of the mesa, and only a bird could reach it from outside. Chi-weé put the baby down, and he stood in the middle of the place with one finger in his mouth looking all around him, and Chi-weé looked too. It was a very queer little cave—almost like a Kiva. That idea frightened her just a bit until she thought:

“If someone *does* come, I will be glad, and I could not help *this* time.”

Yes, there was an altar place—but very old and dusty it looked, and the prayer sticks and grain and sacred meal had all faded to the same color, or no color at all. There were some pictures painted on the walls; they reminded Chi-weé of the figures carried by the dancers in some of the sacred dances of ceremony.

“This is a prayer place,” she said suddenly. “And the little hole in the wall—that is for the prayer thoughts to go straight to the Great Spirit. Oh!”—and her eyes grew bright with eagerness—“I will send prayer thoughts through that hole. It is for rain I will send them—very badly we need that rain. Great Spirit, if you will look how the little corn trees

cannot grow, and how the spring goes down into the rocks, I think you will send the rain—very, very much we need that rain. And, oh, yes—” she suddenly remembered—“almost I forgot—we want, this little baby and I—if you will show us how we can get out of this crack place—we will be very glad and we will send grateful thoughts.—We will get out now,” she said, turning happily to the little brother. “You will see how we will find the way to get out. And the rain will come. I am glad, *very* glad that we found this place!” and she took the baby by the hand and they began to walk back the way they had come.

It did not seem so far going back, and very quickly they reached again the place where the blanket was, but still there was no way to get up over that rocky wall. Just a few steps beyond that place the crack began to get narrower and they could not walk in it.

Chi-weé came back and stood at the first place again; the baby looked at her, and his little face drew up into an expression she knew well.

“No, no,” said Chi-weé softly, “you must not cry, little one. Listen, now, how I can call,” and she stretched her little body just as high as she possibly could and called until the echoes rang from the rocky walls. Then she waited for a little and listened.

What was that? It *did* sound as if someone answered, but perhaps it was just the echoes away back in the little cave place.

She called again with all her might, and this time there was no mistake—someone was coming—running over the rocks outside!

Again she sent that call as far as she could—and a voice startled her very close at hand—a voice that made her shout for happiness.

“This is Loki,” said the voice. “Where is it that you are hiding?”

“Oh, no,” answered Chi-weé joyfully, “I do not hide—Loki—look in the big crack. It is too far down, I cannot get out. Oh, but it makes me glad, in all of me, to have you come! Now we will get out—I *knew* that we would get out!”

But it was not very easy, that getting out! Loki could not, just at first, find the very place where she was. And then, when he did, he lay down flat on the rock outside and reached in with his arms, but he could not reach far enough. Almost, but not quite!

“I know what I will do,” he cried. “My belt is very strong—my mother wove it for me,” and Chi-weé could tell that he was unwrapping the wide, red

belt that he always wore around his waist. And, in just a little, sure enough—there it was, coming over the edge of the crack with a big loop in it for her to hold by.

“It is very like that other time,” she called to him, “the time the waters came in the wash—but *this* time I know who Loki is.” Then she did a very good thing. She held the baby up high and put the loop of belt around his little body and called that Loki be very, very careful and very slow, and with her arms she held him steady until he was pulled gently up to where Loki could reach him.

When Chi-weé, too, was standing once more on the top of the mesa, she drew a great breath and looked around her.

“Oh, how I am glad to be out here!” she cried. “I would not want to be a snake animal that lives under the ground—I like the *top* places best.”

“I am glad that I came out here,” said Loki, grinning happily at her. “*Everywhere* I looked for you, and a boy said you had come this way. Aouw!” he cried suddenly. “It is time for the good things. *How* I am hungry! And look—there are black clouds in the sky—the medicine men have made the rain to come.”

A big light came into the eyes of Chi-weé.

"It is the Great Spirit who sends the rain," she said, and there was a happy sound to her voice. "And it is not only the medicine men that He hears. I *knew* that rain would come—and *I* am hungry too!" and she gave a little skip and caught up the baby in her arms. Then they ran laughing back to the Pueblo, where the drums were no longer sounding!





CHAPTER VI

LOKI'S RACE

Who rides with me,
So swift and free—
Beside the wind—who rides with me?

The sage and sand and blazing sky
Stand very still as I go by.

Who rides with me,
So swift and free—?
It's bubbling fun that rides with me!

MAY I go *now*, my mother?" cried Chi-weé eagerly. "See how I have made the house very clean and ground the meal, and little brother is sleeping, and Loki has said that to-day"—and she gave

a little skip of pure joy—"this day he will take me on that pony for a ride. May I go *now?*"

The mother looked up from the jar that she was painting so carefully. Always she smiled when Chi-weé talked. They loved each other very dearly, and the mother had much understanding in her heart.

"Loki is a great man, now," she said. "Always he rides—but, yes, you may go, for I know my Chi-weé is safe in his care."

"Oh, yes, I am safe," said Chi-weé, "and Loki is very strong."

She ran out of the door and to the top of the trail, and the mother kept for a long time the smile on her face.

Loki was waiting down by the spring, and Chi-weé ran fast down the last part of the trail when she saw him. He was standing by an old man who sat in the sun. She knew the old man well. It was Hano, who was so poor he could not buy shoes for his feet, and the food that he ate was given him by friends who would not let him go hungry.

He was talking now to Loki, and he shook his head sadly as he talked.

"One time I was not poor," he said. "One time

I had big fields and lots of corn, but the dry season came. For long, no rain came, and the corn dried up—everything dried up. For food I sell the fields—all gone now—fields gone, corn gone—everything gone but pony.”

“You have a pony?” asked Loki, surprised.

“Yes”—the old man waved his hand toward a near-by corral—“I have no good pony. He eat much, but he very thin—no good, nobody buy.”

“That buckskin pony there—*that* pony—he is yours?” There was unbelief and astonishment in Loki’s voice.

The old man did not look up, but only gave a nod of his head, and Loki looked with big eyes at Chi-weé, who waited for him.

“Come here,” he said to her, in a very low voice, so that Hano did not notice that he spoke. And they walked a little distance away, Loki leading his pony very proudly with a rope. But he was excited now about something different from his pony.

“Listen,” he said, when he was sure the old man could not hear. “Is it true that that pony over there”—and he motioned toward the corral—“is *his* pony? Is it true?”

“Yes,” answered Chi-weé, with her eyes on the

face of Loki. She could not understand why he should be excited. "Yes, he has told you true."

"That buckskin pony?" insisted Loki. Chi-weé nodded her head very emphatically, and her eyes opened wider still.

"Look," said Loki, "how he is poor—and for a long time I have looked at that pony. He is a good pony, he could run fast. I know about horses—he could run very fast and win prizes."

Chi-weé too was excited now.

"Are you sure that is true?" she asked.

"I am very sure. One time I rode on him when he was out grazing, when nobody was there to see. And in three weeks there is a big race, down at the Cañon—a race with prizes."

"But that old man cannot ride a horse," said Chi-weé, and she looked back to where he sat on the rocks very much like a bundle of old blankets.

"No, *he* will not ride him," said Loki. "*I* will ride him—you know how I can ride horses."

"Shall we tell him now?" cried Chi-weé eagerly.

"No," said Loki. "It would not do to tell him now. If I did not win he would have a sorry feeling. No, we will tell him another thing. We will tell him, and it is true, that I know a place where there is

plenty of green grass, and I will take his pony and let him eat until he is not so thin—and when I take him, maybe I will go in the race.”

“That would be good,” said Chi-weé, and two little pink spots came into her cheeks. “That would be very good. I like to help that old man. Let us tell him now—and then, if you *win*——” and her eyes were shining like stars now, as they walked over to where old Hano still sat with his head hanging down.

“I will take that horse,” said Loki to him, without waiting for the old man to look. “*Your* horse I will take to a place where he will eat much good grass, and then he will not be thin—then, maybe, you can sell him.”

“Why you take him?” asked the old man, and his look was very childlike as he raised his eyes to Loki’s face. “Why you take him? I got no money to pay.”

“No, I do not want money,” said Loki hastily. “I take him because—because—Chi-weé is your friend.”

Hano looked wonderingly from one to the other.

“All right,” he said then. “All right—you take him.”

Chi-weé danced after Loki to the corral, and when

they were out of hearing of the old man she asked eagerly:

"Could I ride the man's pony to that place where there is grass? Could I ride him, Loki?"

He hesitated, but only for a moment.

"No, you could not ride him. He is not a girl pony. But you could ride *my* pony. Hold on tight to the hair at his neck and call him 'Cho-cho'—that is his name."

"But how can I get up on him?" cried Chi-weé. "See how he is high. Even if I jumped, I could not get on him."

Loki stood still and shouted with laughter. When he could get his breath he said:

"Make him to lie down on the ground—then you can get on him."

Chi-weé looked at him very doubtfully, and the look in his eyes was laughing more than his face was laughing, so she did not try to make the horse lie down.

"I will wait and see how you get on *your* horse," she said with much dignity, and Loki grinned again, but very sheepishly this time.

"*This* is the easy way," he said, when he had caught the buckskin pony. And he climbed up on

the corral fence and vaulted to the back of the horse and was away like an arrow from the bow. He wheeled quickly, though, and came back to where Chi-weé still stood holding the rope of his pony in her hand. She looked doubtfully at the fence and then at the pony—and she remembered, now, a time when she had ridden on the back of a little burro and he had sent her over his head when she had not expected to go.

“I think,” she said slowly to Loki, “I think I would like better to ride with you on that horse—then I could hold on tight. Maybe another time I could ride by myself.”

Loki was very careful not to smile this time, and told her to climb on the corral fence; then he came close on his horse, and she scrambled up behind him, holding tight with her little hands about his waist, and they led the other horse by the rope. In this way, they could not go fast, but Chi-weé was not sorry for that, for she felt very high in the air and very strange.

“Jog—jog—jog!” they went over the beautiful desert, and Chi-weé sang aloud for very joy.

“Oh, how this is *nice!*” she cried. “*Always* I have wanted to ride on a horse.”

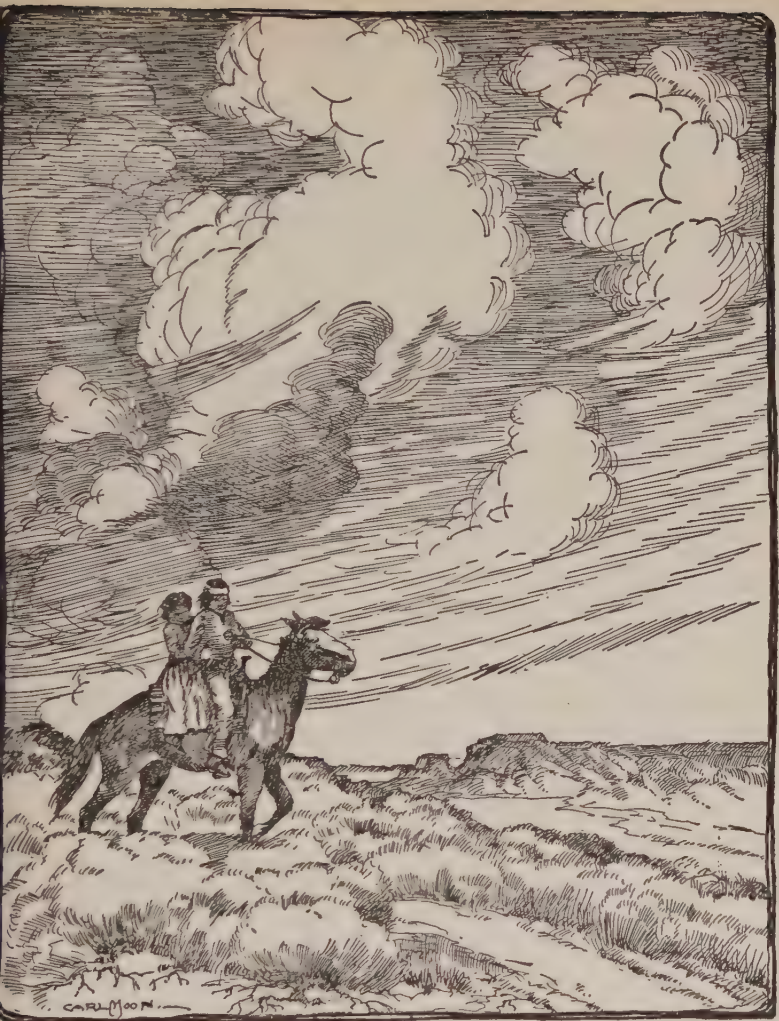
"And my horse is nice," called Loki to her over his shoulder, "and already he knows the name that is his. But wait until I can make *this* horse to go fast," and unconsciously he clucked a little to the horse and made him go faster. And Chi-weé gave several big bumps up and down, and the rope to the other pony tightened dangerously before she found her voice to cry out:

"Oh, *no!* Loki—stop! When I am *not* on him you can go fast!"

And Loki pulled him in quickly. It was a fine ride they had to the green place, and they let the thin pony eat for a long time while they talked and made plans for the race. Loki got on the horse once and rode very fast and Chi-weé clapped her hands together and cried to him from where she watched.

"Oh, you will surely win that race," she said. "No horse in all the world can run so fast as that horse."

"He is fast," said Loki, coming back to her, and his eyes were very bright with a shining light. "He is more fast than I thought. He will make those other men to have very surprised looks." And they rode back home to the mesa as they had come out, with Chi-weé clinging tight behind him.



“Jog-jog-jog !” they went over the beautiful desert.

In the days that followed, Loki went each day to the grazing place with the pony of Hano, and each time he came back more excited than before.

"All the time he goes faster," he said to Chi-weé. "I shall have a big tale to tell you when I come back from that Cañon."

And when at last the time was there and Loki rode away, it seemed to Chi-weé that never would the evening of that day come. It was a very long day. She would go to the edge of the mesa and look off to the hills where the Cañon was, and it seemed to her she could hear the thudding of the pony's hoofs in the sands, but it was only the beating of her own heart. And she ground the corn on the grinding stone, and shook out the little skins and blankets of her bed-place, and brushed the hearth-stones with a turkey wing until they looked as if no ashes had ever been there. And then she brought up so many jars of water from the spring that her mother cried to her, laughing:

"Chi-weé, you will make that spring to be dry—and soon we will swim here like little fishes!" and Chi-weé hung down her head and did not go to the spring again—and still Loki did not come!

It was very early the next morning, when Chi-weé

had first blinked her eyes open, that she heard the little hoot-owl call come from the top of the trail, and she jumped from bed like a little popped corn, wide awake instantly, for she knew that Loki had come back.

“It was late when I got back last night,” he said, and she knew by the very sound of his voice that he had wonderful news to tell. “It was so late that I could not come here, but listen to what has happened.”

“Tell me from the very first thing,” said Chi-weé happily. “I have waited a very long time.”

“Many people went to the Cañon,” began Loki, leaning against a big rock, “and they brought many ponies to ride in that race. I looked at every one, and I knew that some could not run very fast. I asked the man what the prize would be—and it was a big one. Can you guess how much?” and his eyes were dancing, and it was hard for him to keep the rest of him still, he was so excited.

“Five dollars?” asked Chi-weé, and her eyes sparkled too.

“*Twenty-five* dollars!” said Loki, and he said it with great awe. “But much more wonderful things than that I have to tell. They looked at my horse

and said he was thin and would not run very well, but I did not say anything. All the others looked at him and laughed. They said, 'A stick like that is better in a corral—it would help make the fence'! But all the time I said nothing at all, and I looked at the other ones that were in the race. When the time came, all the men said one horse would win. He was big and strong—his name I forget—and they all said my horse would be the last one in the race if he did not die before he got there. And all the time I had a big grin inside me."

Chi-weé laughed aloud delightedly.

"And then the man said to *go*," continued Loki. "For a while, the horses, all of them, were close to each other—and they all ran very fast. And then a lot of them did not run so fast and were away back—and *then*—only that big horse and my horse were ahead of all the others! The boy that rode on the big horse looked at me, and there was a great surprise in his eyes—and I could hear the men that watched call out things to each other and to that boy—they were surprised too, and they were mad!" Loki was grinning broadly now. "And in a little while my horse was ahead of the big one. I could hear the boy crying to his horse and hitting him with

a stick, but it did not do any good. My horse won the race just as I told you he would do."

Chi-weé could only say a long "O—o—oh!" with her lips, but her eyes said many things more as she waited for him to go on.

"They gave me that prize," said Loki, "and I have it here for the old man. But more than that I will have for him. After the race was over, all the men came close to my horse and looked at him, and talked a great deal, and they wanted to buy him. One man will give *ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS* for him!" and both children were silent at the wonder of it.

"One hundred dollars!" breathed Chi-weé. "I did not know there was that much money in all the world."

"There is more than that," said Loki solemnly. "And I will tell that old man, if he will not sell that horse, I can ride him some more, and maybe we can win a great many prizes. The old man cannot work, but the horse can work, and he will give me some money to ride him—that is the way they do—then we will *all* be rich!"

"Yes, and I will be rich too," said Chi-weé happily. "Not *money* rich, but it makes me happy rich to

help that old man. Shall we tell him now? Loki—I want to see how he will smile.”

“Yes, we will tell him now,” said Loki. “Listen how this bag jingles,” and he shook joyfully the prize bag as they walked quickly to where the old man lived.

CHAPTER VII

A SURPRISING ADVENTURE

Out in the cold gray light of dawn,
The old owl cries:

“Where have they gone?”

“Where have they gone—hoo—who?”

“Why, our Chi-weé and Loki too!”

FROM that very day—the day when Loki ran the race and won it, old Hano became a very different man. He bought new clothes and held his back straight and his head high and spoke with great dignity to everyone. He was not called “old Hano” any more, but it was “Hano of the Horse” and “Hano, Much Money,” and “Hano the Wise” now, and he was very proud of these names. His word was listened to gravely in the council, and little children looked at him with round eyes.

The story of the race was repeated many times to eagerly listening ears, and always it grew more wonderful. Now it was said that many hundreds of dollars had been offered for the pony and that the prize for the race had made of Hano a very rich man, but it did not matter greatly to him what was said,

for he felt in his heart that if it was not all true *now*, it soon would be, and Loki, too, thought the same way, for there would be other races, and they might win many times.

The old man was very grateful to Loki, and had, at first, tried to make him take one half of the prize money, but this Loki would not do, and they finally decided that he would take one fifth part of all that they should gain. It was Lampayo who had decided this question for them, and it was he who divided the money, for, to Loki, the shining coins still remained a mystery. He was told the little ones would sometimes buy more than the larger ones (dimes and five-cent pieces), and the beautiful copper-colored ones bought hardly anything at all. He could divide sticks and stones, for always one stick was one stick and one stone was a stone, but when they would tell him that one piece of money had *five other pieces* in it and a piece still smaller had *ten* he would just blink his eyes and shake his head.

"I do not make magic," he said, "and I do not understand such things. *Sheep*, I understand, and ponies and the desert and many other things, but this money is very strange, and I think I shall not *ever* understand."

Lampayo smiled gravely and shook his head.

"You will understand, and very soon," he said, "you have a head that thinks. A long time ago you could have understood this money thing, if you had tried."

And so the prize money was divided, and Loki felt as rich as Hano, for the great sum of five dollars jingled in the little skin bag he carried—for a whole day it jingled there—and then he kept one half dollar for himself and gave the rest to his mother.

Then came another race day, and again the horse of Hano won. This caused even more excitement than before, and men came from many places around to see this pony and to try to buy him. But Hano only shook his head when they spoke to him, and a little twinkle came into his eye.

"That horse," he said, "has two pieces. One piece is pony—that belong to me. Other piece is boy—that *not* belong to me," and he would not say more than that to them, but to Loki he said, "One time my horse no good. Slow horse and very thin—no good. But Loki come, put Loki-magic in horse. No Loki—no fast," and he shook his head many times, and Loki understood that Hano meant that, if he did not ride the pony, the old man did not

believe he would win in the races, and this pleased Loki, for it was what he himself thought.

And now came talk of the greatest race of all, and Loki flew to Chi-weé with the news. The prizes were to be doubled, and everyone in the Pueblo and for many miles around would come. It would be a great day, and there would be feasting. Chi-weé danced up and down with excitement, and her eyes were bright as little pieces of sunlight.

"And you will win," she cried. "No horse can go like that horse of Hano when Loki rides him."

But some people did not want the horse of Hano to win; they had horses of their own, and they told Loki they would pay him much money if he would ride another horse that day and not the horse of Hano. But Loki laughed at them.

"Almost he is like my very own pony," he said. "Surely I will ride him." And then, one night, someone tried to steal the horse, but some dogs barked loudly, and men came running before they could get him away, and after that, Loki took the horse home with him at night to the home corral, and slept very near to him where he could hear all sounds.

Chi-weé went with Loki to the green pasture place

very many times, and she learned to ride his pony and to make him whirl as Loki did, and she rode without fear. Those were very happy days for her.

And nearer and nearer came the day of the big race, and more and more excited grew Chi-weé and Loki, and they made many plans together.

"The night before the race I will go," said Loki, "and I will come and tell you before I go. Then in the morning Negrito (that was the name of the horse of Hano) will not be tired for the race day. I will ride my pony and lead the other horse. In the morning, all the others will come, and you will come. I will see you at the race place and will show you a good place where you can watch the race."

"And then, when you win," cried Chi-weé, "they will all make a big noise and everybody will be glad."

"*Everybody* will not be glad," said Loki with a grin. "Those horses that do not win and the men that have them, they will not be glad."

"Oh, but *all* of the horses could not win," laughed Chi-weé. "That would not be a race—that would be a march!" and Loki, too, laughed at her words.

Everyone in the Pueblo was excited over the race, and old Lampayo laughed as he said:

"This will not be a pony race—this will be a *Pueblo*

race!" and that seemed to be true, for all the Pueblo was going, and everyone in it believed that the horse of Hano would win.

But then a very strange and unexpected thing happened. On the very night before the race, when everyone was getting ready to start early in the morning—Loki disappeared!

Chi-weé waited for him, a long time at the foot of the mesa, where he had said he would come. But he did not come. It grew dark and still she waited, and then, just as she was about to come up the trail, she heard someone coming quickly and she turned to see who it was, and the mother of Loki called to her.

"I am glad that you are here," she said. "It may be that you can tell me where that boy, Loki, is. He said he would come early to eat and then he would ride to the trading post, but he has not come. I have anxious thoughts for him. Is he here?"

"Oh, no," answered Chi-weé, in a troubled voice. "He is not here, and he said he would come."

"Never has he done in such way before," said the mother. "When he says he will come, he comes. And the horse—he is still in the pasture place."

"Without Loki he could not go," cried Chi-weé.

"Without Loki he could not win in the race—and if he did not win, everybody would be sorry. Where did Loki say he would go?"

"He went, as always, to take care of the sheep," answered the mother. "Oh, but some bad thing has happened."

"No," said Chi-weé, and she said it very surely. "No bad thing can happen to Loki—the Great Spirit will take care of him—you shall see. Loki is good, and soon he will come back." She stood looking at the mother for a moment without speaking. She was thinking, and her eyes grew large and dark. "You must go," she said slowly. "You must go back—when he comes, maybe he will be hungry." And after a moment the mother of Loki turned and walked back into the desert.

Chi-weé watched her for a little, and then, with a new light in her eyes, she turned and ran up the mesa trail as fast as her feet would carry her.

It was now the morning of the great race, and the road to the trading post was full of people.

Great clouds of dust rose up and settled down again on the gray sage, making it grayer than ever, and the little rabbits and horned toads and lizards

ran as far away from the road as they could and watched from a distance the rolling wagons and galloping horses and chattering people go by. It was a great day for the Pueblo, and yet there were many who shook their heads very gravely and said:

“Why do we go to this race? It is said that the pony of Hano will not run, and we go only to see him win.”

But no one knew for certain anything about it, and so, out of curiosity and because the others were going, they all went on, and not any one stayed behind.

Chi-weé rode in the wagon with her father and mother and fat little brother, and there was a strange look in her eyes, and little round red spots of excitement in her cheeks. She had not told her father and mother about Loki, and they laughed and talked all the way to the Trader's, as always they had done. There were big thoughts in the mind of Chi-weé, and she sat very silent as the great desert slipped by on either side of the wagon.

“Where was Loki?” In every wagon that passed and on every horse she looked eagerly to see if he was there, but it was always in vain.

It had been his plan to go the night before to the trading post, and everyone thought that was what

he had done, and so no questions were asked about him; only, in the mind of Chi-weé, over and over came the thought again, "Where is Loki?" and then, after it came another thought, "There is no one who can ride the horse of Hano if Loki is not there, and all the Pueblo will have sorry thoughts, and Hano will be poor again if that pony does not win in the race."

Hano was not on the road with the others, but Chi-weé did not think about that now, and when they came to the trading post she looked again for Loki, but not even there could she find him.

And now there did begin to be talk about the missing boy.

"Where is Loki? Where is that boy?" asked many of those from the Pueblo. "Where is Loki? The horse of Hano cannot run without Loki," and they looked and asked many questions, but no one knew, and they remembered then that no one had seen him since very early the day before.

And now, very suddenly, Chi-weé too was gone!

"Chi-weé!" cried her mother, but there was no answer, and no one had seen her go. Everywhere her mother called, but there was no Chi-weé.

"Look!" cried someone then. "We must go to the place where the races are to be. The ponies



Chi-weé's mother had looked through all the crowd and had not seen her there.

are coming!" And the great crowd of people gathered into two lines along the track place that had been marked for this day.

There were a great many ponies in this race, more than any one had seen at any other race at the trading post, and there was much excitement and much noise as they came to the starting place. But Chi-weé's mother did not look. It was not often that she had worry thoughts for Chi-weé, but this time there had been much talk about Loki and what might have happened to him, and so fear had come to her about Chi-weé. She had looked through all the crowd and had not seen her there, so now she ran back to the trading store and called many times. Old Hano was there, and he sat as he had used to sit before the day when his horse won the first race. He talked to himself, and Chi-weé's mother heard his words.

"Hano is old," he said. "He cannot win a race when Loki is not here, and Loki does not come."

"Hi! Hi!" came the shouts from the race place. "See! They are off! *Now* we shall see who will win!"

But now from another direction came another sound. It came from down the road that led away in the direction of the Pueblo. It was another loud

shout, and even old Hano looked up as he heard it, and the mother of Chi-weé turned quickly and looked. And they saw a big cloud of dust, and in the cloud of dust a pony, and on the pony a boy who kicked with his heels to go fast and called with all the strength of his voice:

“Do not let them race until I come—it is Loki! Hi! Do not let them race!”

Old Hano staggered to his feet, and Chi-weé’s mother ran to meet him as he jumped off his pony and called to them, but a great noise from the race place made them all turn in that direction.

Hano put his hand to his head. “See, it is too late,” he said. “Already they run and you were not here.”

“They caught me and tied me,” said Loki, and he was panting for breath. “I could not come—and when I got loose, it was day, and I went to bring the horse, and he was gone.”

“Horse here,” said Hano with a sad wave of his hand. “Last night I bring him. Think maybe you come—too late now.”

Chi-weé’s mother lifted her head suddenly with a puzzled look and took a step toward the race place.

“What is that they shout?” she cried. “Come!”

and as if they had all three been pushed from behind, they ran toward the voices; even old Hano ran.

There was great noise and confusion at the race place. Men and women and even little children jumped up and down and shouted with all the strength of their lungs.

"It is the horse of Hano that is ahead!" they cried.

"But that cannot be," cried others, with frowning looks. "Loki is not here."

"No, it is not Loki who rides," cried others, and there were shrieks of delight, "LOOK! Who it is that rides—CHI-WEÉ!—CHI-WEÉ!" And that was the cry that had brought the three running from the trading store!

And there—ahead of all the others—bumping up and down on the pony of Hano—with black hair flying and cheeks as red as any chili peppers, and eyes almost as big as her head—was Chi-weé!

Breathless and frightened she was—almost shaken to pieces—but not once did she pull back on the bridle rope, and always she called out:

"Faster—Negrito—faster!" For this was a race for Loki and for Hano and for all her Pueblo people who would have "sorry thoughts" if the pony of Hano did not win. When Loki had not come, there

was only one thing to do and she did it! And Negrito seemed to understand, and he ran for Chi-weé as he had run for Loki. Away ahead of the others they ran, and passed the winning post while the people of the Pueblo shouted themselves hoarse and threw things in the air and called the name of "Chi-weé!"

The noise and confusion were more frightening to her even than the bumpy jumping of the horse, and when they had passed the winning place, Chi-weé did not know how she was stopped and lifted down and patted and petted and talked to by everyone at the one time. The only thing she really knew was that Loki was there, and she stared at him as if her eyes would pop out of her little head, but she did not speak—not until they put the bag of prize money into her hand did the words come.

"No!" she cried then. "It is not for me. I rode the horse because Loki did not come. I did not win—give it to him!" and she pushed the bag away.

Old Hano was smiling now, very broadly. "To Chi-weé and to Loki too," he said. "A part shall go to each one. Loki could not come—Chi-weé come, so both win," and he would not have it otherwise.

But that was the last race to be won by the Horse of Hano. He was too old, he said, to have big worry thoughts every time a race day would come. So he sold the horse for more money than he ever hoped to own, plenty to keep him in great comfort all the rest of his life, and there was a nice sum for Loki too.

And from that day Loki did not speak to Chi-weé as a boy usually speaks to a little girl, but he spoke as a boy speaks to another boy who has done big things, and she was very proud and happy to have it so.

CHAPTER VIII

OLD BEAR TOOTH

Ho! for a trail that leads away
From the darkest night to the dawn of day!
And Ho! for a trail that never ends,
But ever west with the sunset bends!

THE sparkle of early morning sunlight lay on all the world of mesa and desert, and the heart of Chi-weé danced a little dance of joy. It was good there were no rainclouds this day, for she and her mother and father and the fat little brother were all to ride across the desert in the wagon of old Mah-pee-ti, the sheep herder, to the store of the Trader, where they were to choose many beautiful things. First, they would buy some velvety cloth stuff to make a little jacket for herself—very dark red it would be—*always* she had wanted a dark red little jacket, and with silver buttons. Chi-weé gave a little sigh of joy at the thought. And then her mother was to have a wonderful lamp the Trader had shown them at another time. It was not a thing

they needed very much, as they did not often stay awake after it grew dark, but there were pink flowers on it and sparkly metal and it was very, very lovely to look at. And for the little brother, they might buy sugar-sticks. When they bought sugar-sticks for him, almost always they gave some to Chi-weé too, and she liked sugar-sticks very much. It was very wonderful to buy from the Trader things they did not really need. For a long, long time they had bought only flour and food and clothes that did not seem ever to wear out; that was when they were poor and Chi-weé and her mother lived alone, but now the new father brought many things they had not had before, for he hunted game and planted seeds and worked in the orchards, and there was plenty of money to keep them very comfortably. The mother grew rosy and plump, and even Ba-ba, the little goat, was round as a tumbleweed, but Chi-weé was never still long enough to grow more than comfortably chubby.

Up came the sun a little higher, and Chi-weé flew about the few tasks that were her part of getting ready for the trip.

"I will go down now for water," she cried to her mother, as she took the jar and skipped to the head

of the trail at the top of the mesa. The spring was down below, and they had always to carry water in jars up the long trail to the mesa top.

How beautiful was the desert from here. In the morning, it was golden with a necklace of distant turquoise buttes around it, and at noon it was dancing with color—with rolling balls of red tumbleweed, and dusty green sage, and purple shadow pools; but in the evening—*that* was the time when it was most beautiful of all—with blue mist veils that hid the farthest hills, and the little warm star brothers came down so close. . . .

Chi-weé ran swiftly down the trail and reached the spring breathless. Always she waited just a moment here to catch her breath and listen to the desert sounds. Here was the edge of the world—all strange unknown places were over there beyond that desert whose sands came to the foot of her mesa like the waves of the sea.

Her eyes jumped suddenly to a lumpy-looking bundle of blankets that lay near a large rock. She had picked up her jar to fill it, but now she put it down again and walked cautiously over to the bundle, ready to run if it should move.

It was an old man, she saw that very quickly,



Chi-weé took the jar and skipped to the head of the trail.

and he was asleep—but what a terrible-looking old man. Chi-weé felt her heart begin to beat more quickly as she looked at him. His hair was very thick and white and hung in a tangled mass down over his eyes, and his nose was like the beak of an eagle, but the terrible-looking thing was his mouth. Two great brown teeth, like tusks, pushed up his lips on either side and made him look more like an animal than a man. Chi-weé started back for the spring, but just as she moved, the man opened his eyes and made a moaning sound. She was trembling now, but she did not run away.

“Have you a hurt place, old man?” she asked timidly. “Is it water that you want?”

“Water,” said the man in a very weak voice, and when he spoke, he still seemed like some animal.

Chi-weé quickly filled her jar at the spring and brought it to him. There was something that told her he would not hurt her, and she always listened to that voice.

The man seemed a little stronger when he had taken a drink, and sat up and brushed the hair back a little from his eyes.

“I cannot go on,” he said in a very husky voice. “I thought I could go on, but I cannot.”

"I could help you up the trail," said Chi-weé eagerly. "See how I am very strong," and she held up her two plump little arms.

"No, no," he answered quickly, and he did not smile, there was fear in his voice. Chi-weé heard it with a great surprise. "No, no—not up that trail. Never must they know—you hear, mesa girl?—no one must know that you have seen me. Never must I go up that trail. But"—and his voice trembled—"I cannot make my feet to go on. It is that my bones are very weary and my head goes round—and round——"

"Oh," said Chi-weé, and made a little pity sound in her throat. She did not think of him now as an animal at all—he was just a very tired old man, and he had nowhere to go. That was a very sad thing, and she stood for a moment thinking hard. Always there was *something* to do, and if you stood for a minute and listened carefully something always told you what it was, and something told her now—it was really very simple.

"My little cave place," she cried. "It is not very far from here. It is my own little cave place, and no one—not *any* one knows—not even Loki," she added.

"I have hunger," said the old man suddenly. "For many suns there has been no food."

"Oh," cried Chi-weé again, and she thought of the little bundle of food she had wrapped for herself to eat on the ride to the Trader's store—and it was time now to go!—"I will bring you food," she said slowly and she wondered *how* she could bring food and go with her mother and father too.

"But someone will come," cried the old man, and he started weakly up. "No one, not any one must know that I am here. It would mean—" and he whispered fearfully near her ear—"say you will not tell any one—not any single one—that you have seen old Bear Tooth."

"Do not have fear thoughts, old man," said Chi-weé. "I will not tell. They shall not know. And now we will go, I will help you to that cave place."

They went very, very slowly, and many times the old man sat down to rest. But at last they reached the little secret place that was her own, and Chi-weé made him as comfortable as possible with the old blanket and few things she kept there. All the time her thoughts were busy with the great problem that was now hers. How could she go to the Traders when this old man needed her? Already it was late,

and the others would be impatient with waiting. And how could she tell them that she would *not* go? They would ask the reason, and she could not tell. And *why* could she not tell? It was a great puzzle, and life seemed suddenly very hard. All the sparkle had gone out of the morning, and her heart felt very heavy as she went slowly back up the trail.

Quick words of question and surprise met her when she had reached the top. Why had she been so long at the spring when she knew they but awaited her coming to be gone? They were more surprised when she spoke to them in a low voice, and her mother's eyes grew big and round with surprise.

"You will not go!—My little one—but what is this? For many days you have spoken only of our going. What strange thing has happened?"

"No strange thing has happened" ("Not *very* strange," said Chi-weé under her breath), and she thought quickly what she should say. "But I have a thing to do down there at the mesa foot—another day I will go to the Traders."

"It may be long before we go again," spoke her father, "and not always may the Trader have that velvet cloth stuff."

"I will not go!" cried Chi-weé, and her voice did

not sound like the voice of Chi-weé, and she turned and ran into the house. *Never* had she said to her mother "I will not," and it seemed as if thunder had sounded in a clear sky. The mother looked after her with round eyes and an open mouth, but the father took her arm and said:

"Come—we will go, then. Chi-weé is very safe on this mesa, and it may be, when we come back, she will tell us what bad magic has made her speak and act in such manner."

And so they went slowly down the trail, the mother carrying the chubby baby, and leaving her behind.

That was a very dark, long day to Chi-weé. She did not see how beautiful was the sky or the desert or the sunlight—only the smile of the old man made one little bright spot, when he had eaten and told her how new strength was coming into his heart. He had a very nice look when he smiled; his eyes were kind, and she forgot about the teeth.

"I know great magic and many fine tales," he told her. "When I grow stronger, I will show you. And not always do they know me as old Bear Tooth. One time, I was great Medicine Chief of my tribe—one time," and his voice was sad. "My magic was great magic—very great—when evil come they

think—" his voice trembled—"they think it come from my great magic—but, no, the magic I make was always, always good. But they drive me away." A hard sound like a sob came into his throat, and Chi-weé had very, very sorry thoughts for him, and she knew he would not make such a sound if he was not very weak and very sad. But in a little he was smiling again, and he patted her on the head.

"Only the Great Spirit could send you to help me," he said kindly, "and you are a good little girl—you shall see how good will come to you for helping old Bear Tooth, but have a great care and let no one know what you do."

Yes, that was the hard part, no one must know. And it was harder, very *much* harder, when the others came back from the Trader's, and it grew harder still in the days that followed. For always they asked many questions of Chi-weé and watched her with round eyes. It was plain they thought a witch had put bad magic in her, and the pink in her mother's cheeks grew less, and the happy sound went out of her voice—yes, it was very hard, but Chi-weé did not have one thought to do what she had said she would not do. A great fear would come always in the old

man's eyes if she spoke of letting others know. He would not say why the fear came, but he would tell her:

"Just a day more, now, and I will be very strong. Then I will go, and you will not bring food. When the sun comes again, I will go—but do not tell that Bear Tooth is here." But he did not grow strong very fast, and three whole days went by. Then her mother went to old Lampayo of the Medicine men and spoke long with him.

"She is not my Chi-weé these days," she said. "I do not understand. When we ask why she goes down the trail she will not tell, and she has a big sadness in the eyes. I come to ask the wisdom of your words, Lampayo: What is it that I shall do?"

Lampayo thought quietly for a little with chin in hand, and then he spoke:

"The wisdom of Lampayo is not great wisdom," he said, "not great wisdom like the wisdom of my father, Ko-ko-mie, but this I would say: When next Chi-weé goes down the trail, send someone to follow her, and then we will know what calls her there."

"We have followed her," said the mother, "but she goes only to the spring for water."

"She has known, then, that you were on the trail," said Lampayo. "Follow quietly where she cannot see—Lampayo, too, will come."

"It is well," answered the mother. "Sometime this day she will go down—every day she goes—and we will call Lampayo."

This was a day when Chi-weé felt most miserable. So surely had she thought that to-day old Bear Tooth would be strong and go, but he was not strong. It seemed a long, long time away that she had played with Loki in the desert. She did not play with him now, as she feared she would tell of the old man—she did not play at all, but would sit for long hours looking out over the desert. And she knew that the children whispered behind her as she sat. She was sorry, very sorry for the old man, but, oh, if she could only tell someone about him. There was an ache in her to tell. Little Ba-ba was the only one who knew, and somehow she did not help very much.

She gave a great big sigh and jumped up from her place on the mesa edge. It was time to take food down the trail once more.

There were eyes watching her, she could feel that, but she had not told the old man she would not let people watch, and she had a queer feeling of unex-

pected excitement as she slipped quickly down the trail.

Very carefully after Chi-weé came her father, and with him old Lampayo. They stepped more lightly than the wind, and hid in the windings of the rocky path, and when she went into her cave-place they were very close behind and hid then behind the great rocks that were everywhere about. They waited until she came out again, and when she had gone back up the trail, her father went into the cave-place and came out hurriedly very soon.

"There is an old man in there," he said in astonishment to Lampayo. "Come, he is asleep—and he has the look of a great bear. Do you think he is a man witch?"

Lampayo bent low and entered the little place, and when he had looked good and long at the sleeping old man his head and hands were shaking.

"It is my father," he said in a strange voice. "Look—it is my father, Ko-ko-mie. Oh, the Great Spirit has been very good to bring him back here," and there were bright tears in his eyes. "Thy daughter, Chi-weé, has kept the life in him."

"But, why," said the father, "why did she not tell?"

"Listen," said Lampayo. "It is a long tale and

very sad. Ko-ko-mie, my father, had great wisdom and great magic. A long, long time ago, much evil came to this town, and there were those who said it was from the magic of Ko-ko-mie, and they sent him away. They found, after many days, that the evil was from another, but it was then too late to find Ko-ko-mie, and for these many years they have searched in vain for him—and always my heart has sorrowed. But now, how great a day is this for us—and it is thy Chi-weé, thy little one, who has brought him back.”

And then—and *THEN*—for Chi-weé came the happiest time she had ever known! It seemed that everyone in all the town did what they thought was nicest to please her. They would cook the good things that she liked best, and the young men sang the chant to the moon out in the night on the edge of the mesa, much to her delight, and the Trader, when he heard what she had done, rode over from his cañon store and brought her with his own hands a piece of dark red velvet stuff to make that long-desired jacket. And old Ko-ko-mie soon grew strong and well, and was much honored by the Pueblo folk. But best of all for Chi-weé, Loki came from the desert and looked at her with round eyes and said:

“A man would do that, but I did not know a girl could be like that.” And she felt so happy she could not speak, and a little voice sang in her heart:

“You see—you see—it may be hard to do right—for a little while it may be *very* hard—but after—come the happy times. Always—always!”

And the happy times did not go away ever—to stay!

CHAPTER IX

OLD LOP EAR THE WOLF

I love the hogan of the night,
When shadows closely 'round me creep.
A dusky blanket hides the light,
And through it little starlets peep!

MANY sheep had disappeared from the corrals of the Pueblo folk. Day after day, when they were taken out to pasture, there were fewer than there had been the day before.

"It's a witch," said old Chan, who was not right in his head. "It's a witch who takes the sheep. I have seen her—a long gray tail, she has, and whiskers that burn."

"It is a wolf," said the father of Chi-weé," and I have seen *him*, at a distance. He has one ear that stands up and one that has been torn away in some savage fight. And we must put an end to his stealing or we will have no sheep left."

"True words," said old Ko-ko-mie gravely, and everyone leaned forward to listen carefully to what he had to say. No one in all the Pueblo was so well

loved as he. "And we will do well to heed their council."

Near the edge of the mesa-top sat many men of the Pueblo. They had gathered here in the early morning sunlight to speak of the loss of their sheep and to find a way to stop it. On stones they sat, under the wall of a house, and some calmly smoked and others waved their hands in much excitement. There were women, too, who sat near and listened, and with these was Chi-weé, all eyes and ears as wide as little jugs.

"If it is a wolf," said one man then, "we must hunt him. It should not be hard to shoot one wolf."

"But this is a very wary wolf," said another, "and almost the words of Chan are true, for like a witch he steals up in the night, and very few have seen him, and always he takes a sheep."

"If he hunts in the night, then in the night should he be hunted," said Lampayo then. "And, listen, I have a plan," and there was a twinkle in his eye that even Chi-weé could see from where she sat watching. She liked Lampayo very much, and always they had been good friends. "It has been long," went on the old man, "it has been long since we have had a rabbit feast."

Chi-weé sat up at that and smacked her lips. This

was unexpected talk and sounded very good. Of all things that she liked, a rabbit feast was the very best. There were others, too, who looked surprised and glad at these words of Lampayo, and leaned forward, eager to hear what he would say next.

"This is the plan that we could follow if you think it good," he said. "The men will divide into two bands—those who live on the east side of the mesa, and those who live on the west side—ten men from each side. And the side that brings in old Lop Ear, the wolf, will eat of the feast, but those who come without him will provide it."

There was a shout from everyone then, and much laughter.

"And shall the losers starve?" asked one man. "It would be very sad not to get the wolf, but if starvation is added to that, what man could bear it!" But he laughed as he spoke, and Lampayo pretended to answer very gravely:

"It may be that those who win will throw them the bones to pick."

"Ai—ie!" called a woman then. "But the women lose in any case, for whether old Lop Ear is brought in by east or west the women prepare the feast. Is that a fair thing?"

"That is fair," answered Lampayo, and he did not try now to hide his smile. "That is fair, for will we not all be thankful that our sheep are safe?—And a rabbit feast is welcome at any time, and tastes much the same to those who win or lose. What is thought of the plan?"

"It is a good plan," cried they all, and Chi-weé jumped up from her stone seat and began a little jig in her excitement.

"And this night will be the hunt!" cried the men. "There is a big moon, and the desert will be like day."

And then there was the excitement of choosing sides, and the leaders of the hunt, and what they should use to hunt with. Chi-weé's father was chosen as one of the leaders, and they were to take bows and arrows to shoot with, as a gun might frighten the wolf away.

And then came a very busy time for Chi-weé, for she wanted more than she had ever wanted anything else to go on this hunt at night, and her father said no children should go on such a hunt, and that if she went, *all* the children of the Pueblo would want to go, and many other things he said, and with them all agreed her mother, but in the end Chi-weé gained permission, on the promise that she would be as

quiet as a little lizard in the sun and stay far away from the men and the sheep and keep behind a big rock so that no harm might come to her, and tell no other child that she was to go. And all of these things she promised, and was so excited for the rest of the day that her mother had to repeat many times the things that she said.

It was a very busy day, for there was to be a feast, and there were many things to arrange. There was corn to grind for the piki bread, and melons and squash and beans to prepare, and little seed cakes to make, and delicious dried peaches and apricots to bring out from the place where they were stored, and then—of course, there was the new little red velvety jacket to shake out and admire, for *it* could be worn to a feast! And Chi-weé held it against her and ran her fingers over the soft, beautiful surface—oh, there were so *many* nice things about a feast time!

And then, almost before she could realize it, night had come—black night, and the men gathered silently on the mesa-top and slipped down the trail like shadows in an unreal world.

Chil-weé hesitated just a little, and then she, too, crept down after them. Her heart beat much faster than usual, and fear thoughts were shadowy in her

mind, but the excitement was far greater than they, and soon she forgot that she was alone, and that it was late at night, and that strange things might be hiding behind the great rocks that stood higher than her head as she passed.

In a little while, she was down at the foot of the trail, and it seemed as if she were all alone in this strange, black world. Without a sound, the men had disappeared in the darkness. She knew that they had gone around the mesa to the west where the sheep corrals were, but she had been told not to follow them there, so she did not go very far from the foot of the trail, but crouched behind a big boulder that she found and waited for what would happen.

This was not just what she had expected. Somehow, she had not thought all the world would be so very black and quiet and empty. There were little sounds in the desert, but they were not like the day sounds, and came strange to her ears. The men had said there would be a moon, but the sky was very dark and very, very far away. Even the little star brothers, usually so friendly, looked very distant and like tiny holes in a blanket held up against the sun.

She began to be cold and shivery, and little popping noises made her jump suddenly many times.

For a long, long time she sat there waiting. Surely, she thought, the night must be almost gone, she had been there so many hours—and not yet had the moon come. In the east, the sky seemed a very little lighter than at other places, but that was all.

“And then—a thing happened! At first she could not be sure—and then she was *certain!* *SOMETHING* was moving in the desert! Something that crept a little way—and stopped—and listened—and then crept a little more—and *it was coming toward HER!* Once in awhile a stone would turn under it, but it came on—and on—! Chi-weé thought now she could hear it breathing, but she could not move. Something seemed to hold her tight to the spot where she was, and a cold, queer feeling began to creep up her back!

“It is a shadow,” said her mind. “I am not afraid of a shadow.” But she knew it was *not* a shadow, and just then she saw a big, black thing move toward her rock, and she gave a scream that echoed far out over the desert, and jumped away at the same time. **BUT THE *THING* JUMPED TOO!**

“Hush!” it said. “You will make the wolf to run away. Do not have fear for me—it is Loki!” And Chi-weé dropped down on the sand in a little

heap, trembling like a leaf, but she was laughing too.

"Oh, but that is a time when I had fear!" she whispered to Loki. "Now I know why my mother tells me that witches are fear thoughts, for just like a witch you looked. How did you know I was in this place?"

"Your father sent me," answered Loki, "He did not like that you should be alone, and I came to find you." How *good* it was to hear his voice and not to be alone any more. Now the stars did not seem so far away, and in the east a little silver rim of the moon came up over the edge of the world. The sounds of the desert seemed far more familiar too, though there was a queer cry from far away that seemed to be coming nearer.

"It sounds like a man," said Loki in a puzzled voice—"a man in fear—maybe he has seen more of those same witches that you saw," and he smiled a little in the dark, though Chi-weé could not see.

But something else had heard that queer cry too—something that stopped and waited to see what it could be—and Chi-weé suddenly caught the arm of Loki and cried to him to look!

There, against the bright silver of the moon, they saw very clearly the long, gaunt form of a wolf. He seemed to hesitate at that noise, and lifted up his head to sniff the air. And Loki did not wait for anything more. He drew the bow he had brought with him and, quick as thought, put an arrow to the string and let fly. Without a sound, that shape against the moon sank down and lay still. But nearer and nearer came that strange cry across the desert, and now they could hear running feet and, farther away, voices.

Chi-weé drew nearer to Loki and put her hand on his arm again, but he spoke quickly, and there was relief in his voice.

"Listen—it is Chan. Of everything he is afraid—his own voice can make him jump like a hop-toad."

Yes, it was now plain that the cry came from Chan. He was running swiftly for the trail, and he cried loudly as he ran.

"It is a witch—I told you how it is a witch! And she will get us all. It is not a wolf—a wolf cannot scream like that!"

Chi-weé giggled—the relief was very great, and now there was no need to be quiet.



*There, against the bright silver
of the moon, they saw very clearly
the long, gaunt form of a wolf.*

"I am that witch, this time," she said to Loki. "There are two witches out in the desert this night. It was the cry that I made that has given him fear—always he thinks there are witches!"

But the men who followed Chan were grumbling loudly.

"Now the wolf will not come," they said. "Such cries would frighten even the very rabbits out of their burrows. There will be no hunting this night," and there was even anger in the voices. "Always does Chan see witches and cry to the moon." But to Chan it did not matter at all what they said—on he ran, stumbling up the trail, and did not stop until he reached the shelter of his own warm bed.

The other men walked much more slowly and were still quite a distance away from the trail, but very clearly across the quiet desert their voices came to Loki and Chi-weé, who had left their rock and were walking toward where the wolf lay.

One of the men stumbled suddenly and gave a sharp cry.

"Look, what is here!" he shouted. "Here is the wolf. Who has shot him?" and quickly the others gathered around him. "This arrow has come from the direction of the mesa—maybe Chan was right,"

and there was fear in his voice as he turned and looked hard in that direction

Chi-weé and Loki had run toward them when the men had come to the wolf, and Loki was a little breathless, but he spoke very quietly as he said:

"I shot the wolf," and the eyes of Chi-weé were like stars in the darkness.

The men looked at him in silent surprise for a moment, and then one spoke with a laugh.

"*Now*, who will give that rabbit feast? Not the east or the west has won, but a boy from the desert." Then spoke Loki quickly again.

"But it was that Chi-weé who showed me old Lop Ear, and so it is *her* side that wins!"

"Well," laughed the father of Chi-weé, "it seems very plain that there is to be a feast—for here lies old Lop Ear who was to cause it—and it seems plain, too, that we will all go on a rabbit hunt to-morrow—and there is a little voice that tells me we shall *all* eat of those rabbits, winners and losers alike. So, let us get to our home places that the sleep maiden may give us steady arms for to-morrow. Up the trail, then—after old Chan!"

And up the trail they all went, but Loki, who with a wave of his arm slipped away into the night.

Chi-weé was silent for a little as she climbed by the side of her father, and then she spoke, a little timidly—

“I would like *much* to go on that rabbit hunt tomorrow,” she said, and looked up into his face. He was smiling as he answered.

“How could we have a hunt if you did not go?” he said. “Always where you go the good things happen,” and he patted the top of her little black head.

Chi-weé did not answer him in words, but even by the moonlight could be seen the shine in her eyes.

CHAPTER X

OLD BEAR TOOTH TELLS A TALE

When skies are dark
And winds blow chill,
And the dust-clouds swoop
From the desert hill,
The little hare hides
In his burrow deep,
And the wild hawk rides
On the storm wind's sweep!



KO-KO-MIE, the father of Lampayo, was very happy these days. He had been given a house all to himself in the Pueblo, and no house was better than his. There were two rooms, a big one to live in and a storage room. The big one had walls of whitest pipeclay except where the fire smoke had made strange shadowy pictures that seemed to move when the little flames of the fireplace flickered—for there was a fireplace in one corner of the room where a fire was always cosily burning. “Old bones,” said Ko-ko-mie, “have a way of getting cold.”

The chimney over the fireplace had strings of bright peppers hanging on it, and baskets and jars of many shapes and colors. And there was a window to this room. There were not many windows in the Pueblo, and Ko-ko-mie was very proud of this one, for when the cold days came, and the door had to be closed tight, it was still as bright as day inside. And his bed had warm woven blankets and soft skins on it, and even the floor had finest blankets to walk on. The storage room was filled to the very top with good things hidden away from the daylight: dried meats and delicious fruits, melons and squashes and beans and corn and peppers and pinyon nuts, and even a store of tobacco for his pipe.

Every day, it seemed that the Pueblo folks thought of some added good thing to give old Bear Tooth, and this was all to drive away the memory of those long years when he had wandered poor and alone in the desert. And glad enough he was to forget those days, but now he was happy and content, and for all these things he was grateful to Chi-weé.

"It was Chi-weé, she bring me here," he said simply and always he was thinking how he could do some kind thing for her. He told her tales and showed her magic that made her eyes grow wide with wonder.

And of the early days of the Pueblo, of the long ago, he would speak often.

One tale he told one day, and there were others



beside Chi-weé and Loki who listened. This is the tale:

“This is a thing that happened in the long, long ago,” began Ko-ko-mie. “Maybe such things could not happen now. Maybe so, maybe not. In a

Pueblo like this Pueblo, built high on a rock, lived many people, and one of them was a witch! Much like other people she looked, though in her eyes there was a green light like moonlight when it flashes from the shiny places in rocks, but only when she was very angry would the green light flash, so not many people saw it, and something very strange always happened to those who *did* see it, so that they did not remember.

“This witch-woman had married a man who had a little girl, a very good little girl, who was kind to all animals, and because she was good the witch-woman hated her. Now, strange things are sure to happen in a Pueblo where lives a witch, and so strange things happened in this one. If there was someone the witch-woman did not like, they would act in a very queer way for a little time, and then they would go to some place—no one knew where. This was so with animals, and it was so with people, and every time any one disappeared, the witch-woman would go around the Pueblo and whisper things to people and point to the little girl—Cho-tah. She would tell them that Cho-tah was a witch, and that all the strange things that happened were because of her bad magic. And, after a time, the people of the Pueblo believed this talk and looked in a strange way at

Cho-tah, and when she passed the little children playing in the streets, they would stop their happy talk and grow silent and run into the houses to their mothers.

“This made Cho-tah very sad, for *she* was a little girl, and loved to play with the children, and now she could only play with animals. She was very kind to all the animals, those in the Pueblo and those in the desert, and she would feed them piki bread and meat; sometimes she would go hungry herself that they might eat.

“But the witch-woman had still more bad things to do and one day a very nice baby, a chubby baby of the Pueblo disappeared. There was no work done that day, and all the women and many of the men gathered on the mesa-top with angry and sorry talk, and they had black looks for Cho-tah. The witch-woman whispered that she had seen Cho-tah make charm magic that very morning, and that she had thrown a little corn-cob doll high in the air and it had disappeared. That was enough for the Pueblo folk; they were very sure now that Cho-tah was a witch—all of them were sure but one boy, the son of the governor of the Pueblo, and he came to Cho-tah and said:



The Witch-Woman.

“‘I know very well you are not a witch, and if they do a bad thing to you I will show them, when I have grown a little more, how they are wrong. And I shall be governor some day and punish them.’ But that did not help Cho-tah now. More and more angry grew the people as the witch-woman talked to them, and they picked up great stones and ran to Cho-tah.

“‘If you do not go out of our Pueblo,’ they cried, ‘we will throw stones at you and they will kill you. Go—and do not ever come back!’

“So Cho-tah ran down the trail and into the desert—and ran, and ran, and ran until her feet were so tired she could not run any more, so she sat down in a shadowy place under a big rock and fell fast asleep.

“Now, the people in the Pueblo had believed the words of the witch-woman and had been very angry with Cho-tah, but the animals were not so foolish. They did not go by what people *said* but by what they *did*, and they knew that Cho-tah had always been kind to everyone and would not harm even the littlest ant in the sand. So they knew very well she had not done the ugly things the Witch-woman said she had done, and when she ran into the desert, they sent messengers to follow her and knew just the place

where she sat down and fell asleep. And a council was called at that very place to decide what they would do about this matter.

"Little Tee-wanna, the horned toad, had the wisest head of all the desert animals, and his words were listened to very carefully by the others.

"‘The first thing we must do,’ he said, ‘is to build a house for Cho-tah to live in.’

"‘That is good,’ said all the other animals, but they were careful not to cry so loud as to awaken Cho-tah. ‘That is good, and we will begin *now!*’

"So they went to work quickly, and there were so many of them, and they worked so willingly, that before Cho-tah was awake there was a fine house all ready for her. It was built as the Navajo hogans are built, of trees and boughs with a plaster of mud over them, and there were a smoke hole and a shelter in front of the door, just like the very best houses. And, better than that, the animals had sent swift messengers and brought soft blankets and skins and gourds and jars and a great supply of delicious food all stored carefully away so that it would keep well. And they had dug in the rocks until they had found a spring of sweet, pure water. Then they gathered a great pile of little sticks for firewood. When they

had finished all this, Tee-wanna called together the swiftest little rabbits and gave them a message that made them skip with joy.

“‘I saw where it was that they took that fat baby from the Pueblo,’ he said, ‘and I think it will have a safe place here and will be company for Cho-tah, so bring it here,’ and he told them where it was, and they kicked their heels together in glee and ran like the wind to the place he had told them.

“And so, when Cho-tah opened her eyes, she could not believe that she was awake, and she turned her head and looked out over the desert and blinked three times slowly; but when she looked back again, there was the house still standing, and the open doorway seemed to call to her to come in.

“‘It is good for you to go in,’ said a very small voice from the sand at her feet, and Cho-tah jumped, for though she had always known and loved the animals, never before had they spoken to her in words that she could understand.

“‘The house is for you,’ said the voice again, and Cho-tah leaned down to see what it was that spoke. There was little Tee-wanna on a rock in the sand, and he was looking straight up at her with eyes as bright as dewdrops in the sun. So she knew it was

he who had spoken, and she felt very happy and not so lonely as she had before, but she still hesitated to go in the house.

“‘We have built this house for you,’ said little Tee-wanna then—and *then*—out of the front-door place there tumbled that fat, happy baby she had thought never to see again, and with a little cry Cho-tah dropped down on her knees and took him into her arms.

“‘Where did he come from?’” she cried, and Tee-wanna was very happy now, for he knew that Cho-tah would not be lonely any more.

“‘He came from where that witch-woman sent him,’ he said, ‘and he will be safe if you keep him here for awhile. Some day, when the witch-woman is not in the Pueblo any more, you can take him back to his mother and you can go back.’”

“But one thing had not yet been finished about that house in the desert, and now Tee-wanna went to work and did that thing.

“He was a great medicine man among the animal folk, and knew many magic things to do, and this was one of the things. In front of the door of the hogan he built a little fire of sticks, and on the fire he threw some sacred meal that made a line of smoke

that went straight up into the sky, and after he had said some strange magic words, he blew the smoke with all his might—to the north and to the south and to the east and west—and then after some more words he scattered the fire and the ashes in every direction, so that there was not a sign of it left.

“‘Now,’ he said, with a great satisfaction, but no one heard him, for Cho-tah was so happy with the baby she did not think of anything else, and there was no other there, ‘Now, only the animals and Cho-tah and the baby can see that house! To others there is only desert and sky, and not even Cho-tah can they see. It is well, for if that witch-woman should come she will not find anything.’

“And so, for a long time, Cho-tah lived in the desert. She was very happy there with the baby, and everything she needed or wanted was brought to her by the animal folk, who never tired of being kind to her.

“‘You were kind to us,’ they said, ‘when you lived in the Pueblo, and now we will be kind to you,’ and they would play games and run races and tell wonderful tales that no child of men had ever heard, and not one time was Cho-tah ever lonely.

“But one day a thing happened! Cho-tah did

not know how long she had lived in the desert and she did not know that when Tee-wanna had put magic over the house (that it could not be seen), he had also at the same time put magic over her and everything there, that they would not change but stay always the same. So the little baby was still a little baby, and Cho-tah was no older than she had been when she went away from the Pueblo, when this thing happened:

“A young warrior came riding over the desert. Very tired he looked, and his horse was also tired. Straight to the hogan of Cho-tah he rode, and she forgot that he could not see the hogan or see that she stood in the door-place. He stopped his horse by the great stone where she had gone to sleep that long ago day, and then he got down from the horse, and Cho-tah hid in the doorway thinking he was coming in the house. But he did not look in her direction. He seemed to be very weak, and also fell down by the big rock and lay there still, and the horse stood near him with drooping head.

“Cho-tah peeped from her door-place and had big pity thoughts for the young man as he lay.

“Tee-wanna came running, then, and cried out to her:

“‘He cannot see you,’ he cried. ‘Come out and we will help him. I have seen him riding over this desert for many days, and I have led him to this place.’

“‘What makes him to lie so still?’ asked Cho-tah in a timid voice, ‘and from where does he come?’

“‘It is the heat of the sun that makes him to lie still,’ answered Tee-wanna, ‘and it is water that he needs. Bring a gourd of water from the spring. And I will tell you who he is and the place he came from. He is the son of the governor from the very Pueblo that is your own home place. Quick, we will give him the water.’

“And Cho-tah, with a great wonder in her heart, brought the water. Together they poured it down the young man’s throat, and he felt the refreshment but did not know from where it came.

“‘But,” said Cho-tah again to Tee-wanna, as they watched the young man as he sat up and grew stronger—and there was a puzzled tone in her voice—‘How is it that he is so big? Is there another governor in the Pueblo? The son of the governor is a boy, just as I am a girl.’

“‘No,’ answered Tee-wanna. ‘You do not understand, and the time has come for me to undo the

magic that I have done, and then you will understand. Watch me!

“And again he gathered a little pile of sticks in front of the hogan, and made a fire, and poured on it a handful of sacred meal, and when the smoke had gone up straight to the sky and had blown north and south and east and west, Tee-wanna spoke great magic words, and with a mighty effort he drew into his mouth the smoke—from the west first, and then from the east and the south and the north, and when his mouth was full of the smoke, he swallowed it. And then he scattered the ashes of the fire as before and turned to Cho-tah, who had watched him with big eyes of astonishment. But no longer did Cho-tah, the little girl, stand before him. But a beautiful young maiden with hair like the sky when there is no moon, and cheeks like peaches browned in the sun, and from the hogan ran a young child with a happy face.

“‘What is it?’ asked Cho-tah of Tee-wanna, ‘what is it that you have done?’ and the color of her cheeks grew pale and then rosy again.

“‘I have made you free,’ answered Tee-wanna gravely. ‘The magic spell had kept you a little child through the years, and now you are a maiden grown

—and the son of the governor is also grown, and do not forget, Cho-tah, he can see you now.’

“And it was very plain that the young man *did* see her, for he rose up from where he had sat by the rock and stood like one in a dream, and they looked at each other for long before he spoke.

“‘Is it Cho-tah?’ he asked her then, in a voice that was very uncertain. ‘For long, long time I have searched across the desert to find you—and always I knew you were not dead.’

“‘No,’ answered Cho-tah, and smiled a little as she said it, ‘I am not dead.’ And she told him all that had happened to her since that time so long ago when she had been driven away from the Pueblo. And of how good the animals had been to her, and about the little baby who had grown now into a child.

“‘I have come to take you back,’ said the young man.

“But Cho-tah drew away when he said that, and cried that the Pueblo folk would not want her. But the young man smiled.

“‘I am governor now,’ he said, ‘and you shall see.’

“So they gave thanks to the animals for all the kind things they had done, and put a good supply

of food in bags on the horse, and on top of the bags they put the child, and said good-bye to the place where Cho-tah had lived so long.

“The journey across the desert was not a hard one, for the animals would always lead them to where there was water, and they rested many times.

“At last they came to the mesa, and to Cho-tah it seemed that she had been away only a very short time. The young man told her to wait at the foot of the trail up the mesa, and he went to the top. But in a little while she heard a great noise of many people coming down, and with them they had the witch-woman tied with ropes.

“When the people saw Cho-tah, there was great joy in their eyes, and they cried with a loud voice:

“*“Always* we knew you were no witch. She put a spell over us. *She* is the witch! What shall we do with her? All this time we have waited that you will tell us—what shall we do with her?’

“And the young man was watching Cho-tah from the trail.

“Now, a strange thing happened. All this time when she had been in the desert Cho-tah had thought that the witch-woman was a very bad old woman, but now, when she looked at her, a very different

thing came into her mind, and she cried out in surprise to these people.

“‘Why,’ she cried, ‘she is not a bad old woman! It is only that she has no love in her!’ And she ran up to the witch-woman and pulled the ropes away from her and put her arms around her and put her warm cheek against the cold, old one, while the people looked at her in amazement and said not one word.

“Then the old woman gave a strange cry and the tears came down her cheeks.

“‘What is this thing that has happened to me?’ she cried. ‘I feel like a nut that has been cracked—and, oh, how different is everything!’ And from that moment she was never again called a witch-woman, and she was kind and good to everyone, and even the little dogs in the Pueblo followed her through the streets!

“And never had there been so happy a maiden as Cho-tah. She became the wife of the governor very soon after that, and for long, long years, the laugh of Cho-tah was a thing good to hear.

“Even now, in that Pueblo, when someone calls a woman a witch, someone else will remember and say:

“‘It is only that she has not enough love in her heart.’ And they are very kind to that woman, and

soon she is not anything like a witch at all, but has smiles for everyone."

"Is that true?" asked Chi-weë, the moment the old man had finished his tale. "Is that a true tale, Ko-ko-mie?"

The old man reached over and gave a pinch to her cheek, and there was a twinkle in his eye.

"I will show you if it is true," he answered. "If you will come with me out in the desert, I will show you that Tee-wanna himself, and maybe, if you listen very, very close, you can hear him talk."

CHAPTER XI

KIDNAPPED!

The stars of the desert are warm and clear,
When the heart is glad and the home-fire near;
But far and cold, in a high, black sky,
When the heart is fearful and no one nigh.

IT WAS almost the supper hour, up on the mesa-top, the cosiest hour of all the day, and Chi-weé thought pleasantly of what she had seen bubbling in the big iron pot in the home-place. Chi-weé liked good things to eat very much, and when she came home from a long day with Ba-ba on the desert, or of play with Loki, it was very nice to be met almost at the top of the trail with an inviting and tantalizing odor from that big iron pot; a little "smell trail" that led her straight to home.

And now she had finished all the day tasks and all the day play, and it was rest time. How beautiful it was here on the edge of the mesa, looking out over the desert and watching the long, blue shadows of the early evening as they crept farther and farther out into the big spaces.

“Like giant fingers,” thought Chi-weé, “calling me to come and pointing to go—to the far-away, unknown places.”

And now, suddenly breaking the quiet of the evening, came a sound—a clear sound like a call. Just a few notes, and then it stopped.

Chi-weé got quickly to her feet and listened! There it was again! It seemed to come from almost directly beneath where she had been sitting—from the trail at the foot of the mesa. Clear and sweet on the evening air it came; with the notes of a bird and the song of water and the call of other wild things. Chi-weé thought it must be a flute, but not a flute of her people—she did not know of anything that could make sounds like that—and who could be playing it down there at the foot of her mesa?

Chi-weé did not think long about anything ever without *doing* something. So, gone very suddenly was the memory of the bubbling pot, and the thought that even now she should be helping with the evening meal—gone was every thought of everything but just of that strange song that called to her from the desert. Almost without her knowing it, her feet led her swiftly to the trail leading down the side of the mesa

—and down, down, noiselessly she ran—the sound every moment growing nearer and clearer.

But now she stopped and hesitated—it did not come from the foot of the trail, as she had thought, but from farther around the mesa and off into the desert. There was a little trail that led around in that direction, but it was seldom traveled and was very steep, and here and there great boulders lay across it.

For a short moment, Chi-weé hesitated, but then she went on, for she grew more and more curious with every step. After a short search, she found the little side trail and picked her path more slowly down its steep way. Suddenly she realized that the flute song had stopped and only the soft “pad-pad” of her own buckskin boots broke the evening quiet, until a soft noise ahead of her attracted her attention—low voices which seemed to come from behind a great boulder on the trail.

Something made Chi-weé stop and listen before she reached the big stone. The words that she could hear had a strange sound to them that was not of her people, but she understood perfectly what they were saying, and her heart jumped to her throat as she realized that these were strangers and that they

spoke of strange things. She crept carefully nearer to the boulder and pressed her little body into the great crack it made against the mesa-side and listened with all her ears. She was frightened, but, after those few words she had heard, she must hear the rest. There were two men talking, and they spoke in low, cautious tones.

"Why do you work in a mine?" said one voice. "I tell you, we make money this other way—many times more money than in a mine."

"Hush!" said the other voice. "Do not talk loud. Rocks, sometimes, can hear. I have a plan to make more money in that mine. Two can do this thing, but not one. Listen—I have seen that mine. There is a part of it the white men do not know about. We will take money from them, and we will take turquoise from the part they do not know about."

"Hi—yi!" said the first voice, and he said it so suddenly that Chi-weé gave a little jump, and a tiny pebble rolled under her foot. She held her breath and pressed more tightly into the crack behind the boulder. There was silence on the other side, and she felt that both men were looking around the rock and up and down the trail. But they did



She crept carefully nearer to the boulder.

not see her. The shadows were heavy now and she was hidden even better than she knew. She was glad they could not hear the pit-patting of her heart that sounded like a drum in her own ears.

The men seemed to be satisfied that what they had heard was only a bird or the wind, and they began to speak again, but this time their voices were even lower than before, and Chi-weé lost many of the words they said. But they spoke very carefully of the part of the mine the white men did not know about, and where it was, and that part Chi-weé heard very plainly, and as she heard, her eyes grew big and her heart beat faster still. It was very plain to her, young as she was, what they were planning. There was a turquoise mine owned by some white men, and these Indians and others were going to work in it, and they would take the white men's money and steal turquoise from them at the same time. It was a very bad thing they planned, and Chi-weé did not need words in her heart to know she would tell those in her Pueblo who would warn the white men quickly, and maybe these Indians would be put in a place with iron bars where they could not steal any more. And perhaps, when the white men knew about the other part of their mine,

they would be so glad they would give her some of the turquoise, and then she would be rich and would buy a pony like the one Loki had, and at the thought Chi-weé gave a little skip of joy—she had forgotten those men were so near—she had forgotten all about them—and again a little pebble rolled under her foot and went skipping down the steep little trail.

There was a sharp word this time from one of the men, and before she could run or knew at all what had happened, this man had hold of her arm and had jerked her from her dark corner in the rock.

He clapped his hand over her mouth and held her there for a moment while both men looked sharply up and down the trail. Chi-weé was so frightened, she felt as if she would have fallen had the man not held her up. Strange as it seemed, she could see that he was frightened too, and the arm that held her trembled.

“Speak,” he said then, shaking her a little. “Does one come with you? Are you alone on this trail?”

Chi-weé could not have spoken even if his heavy hand had not been over her mouth, but she managed to answer his last question with a little frightened nod of her head.

He fumbled swiftly at his belt for a moment, and, finding a piece of soft doeskin, bound that around her mouth so that she could make no sound.

Both men stood silent for a little; they did not seem certain what to do.

"What of this child, now?" then spoke the one who had been called Na-kee. "We have her here—what do you think to do with her?"

"She has heard our words," growled the other. "She shall not return to her people or to others and tell of what she has heard."

"How would you make her to keep silent, then?" spoke Na-kee again.

The other did not meet his eye but looked away as he spoke.

"The trail is steep," he muttered. "Many have stumbled before now on such trails."

The heart of Chi-weé grew cold within her, but colder still sounded the voice of Na-kee.

"No child-killer shall you be while Na-kee lives," he said, and there was deep meaning in his words, so that the fear went away from Chi-weé's heart—*that* fear went away.

"Then what would you do?" spoke the first one. "Well you know that she would tell—what would

your wisdom say to do?" And a deep sneer was in his words, but there was uneasiness too, and to Chi-weé it was plain that he feared Na-kee.

For a little, the other thought, with chin in hand, and then he spoke very slowly.

"Yes—Na-kee thinks, too, that she would tell—and that must not be. It seems plain that she must come with us."

"And what will those of our own people say when we come with a strange child of the mesa and give no reason?"

"There will be reason," said Na-keé. "I will give them good reason. Listen—when we reach the foot of the mesa, it will be near to dark. Walk you to the camp and tell them that we will ride now to the new camp place—whither they follow this night. We go now, that we find water before the time that they come. Then you bring the horses and some food to the mesa foot. This night the child shall ride with me."

"And when the light comes?" still sneered the other. "What tale has Na-kee to tell?"

"The other part I will tell you as we ride," said Na-kee, with dignity. "It is a good plan, and a safe one for us—and for the child."

The other gave a grunt in his throat that spoke many things, and turned on the trail, picking his way down in the growing dark.

Chi-weé felt that in Na-kee she had, at least, a protector, if not a friend, but to her it was as if the end of all things had come, and there was an ache place in her heart almost too great to bear. She stumbled down the trail in front of Na-kee, the trail where no one came, and where she should not have been, and there were hot tears in her eyes that hid all things from her sight. They were taking her away—she could not guess where nor for how long it would be. She thought of her mother—even now her mother and father and the little brother that she loved so well would be waiting the evening meal for her—the meal she did not help to prepare. A big lump came in her throat, and the ache of it was very great. She did not know how long it was that they stumbled in this way down the trail, until gradually she realized that something strange was happening away down inside her. Was it the wings that she had said were there? Her thoughts began to rise—it was strange, but it was true! She was not dead—there was *that* to have thankful thoughts for. She had not been harmed, and she did not believe she

would be—why, what had she been thinking? SHE WOULD ESCAPE! *Surely* she would escape—and then—did she not still have the secret of these men, and would she not tell it to those who would be made glad to hear it?

Down the trail they still crept slowly, but now the thoughts of Chi-weé were far ahead on what she would do through the night, and she stumbled no more because of tears. The dark could be a great friend to those who wished not to be seen; perhaps she would find a chance to steal away, or if they were to be on horseback, she might be left alone for a moment and send the pony racing swiftly back to home. Oh, there were many ways to escape, and there would be those from the home mesa searching for her—and Loki, surely Loki would come.

Now they had reached the foot of the trail, and out in the desert a little way, Chi-weé could see a big camp fire and about it women preparing the evening meal, and children and dogs playing in the dust. The men were some of them saddling horses and preparing for the journey of the night when it was cool to travel across the desert, and some were sitting and smoking and talking loudly together. Back a little from the fire were great wagons with

covered tops through whose canvas walls already the light of torches glowed like yellow moons, and near them goats and horses feeding comfortably. It was a big camp of about twenty families and that meant less chance for escape, but Chi-weé held bravely to her hope thoughts, though the sight of the women made her long for her mother with a great longing. She *must* escape—and this very night—then, to-morrow, how the eyes of those up on the mesa-top and the eyes of Loki too would open wide at the tale she would tell.

Na-kee stood beside her while the other (Na-kee had called him Chin) strode toward the camp and the horses. He obeyed Na-kee, but in a sullen way, as if by his very sullenness he proved himself superior to the orders he obeyed.

“Listen, little one,” said Na-kee suddenly to Chi-weé, “no harm shall come to you—Na-kee shall see to that—but have a care that you say no word of what you have heard this day. It is best that you stay with us for a season, and then, well, we shall see. But guard well that little tongue of yours. Remember, in that lies not only your own safety, but that of Na-kee also. Is what I say plain to you?”

Chi-weé could not speak, as her mouth was still bound with the thong, but she nodded her head, and Na-kee said:

“That is well,” and at that moment Chin returned on one horse leading another. He handed them each a small meal cake in which was wrapped a piece of roasted meat, and Chi-weé realized that she had been very hungry for a long time. But it was not until later, when they were riding out into the dark desert—she on a blanket behind Na-kee—that the thong was taken from her mouth and she could eat her supper.

The night was very black, and the stars very bright and very far away as they rode out into the desert darkness, and the thud-thud-thud of the horses’ hoofs in the soft sand sounded to Chi-weé like the beating of her own heart. The desert—her own home desert—did not look familiar to her, and she closed her eyes so that the big black things crowding in on every side should not frighten her.

“I will not be afraid,” she found herself repeating in time to the horses’ hoofs. “I will *not* be afraid—I will not *be* afraid!”

“Thud—thud—thud” went the horses’ hoofs, and then, in a little while, Na-kee began to sing. It

may be that he thought his song would bring some comfort to the little girl. It was a queer song—the music of it was queer, and the words went something like this:

“Oh—hi—yi—ee—
But the trail is long,
And the warrior big
Is brave and strong—
Oh—hi—yi—ee—
But his heart is light,
And the warrior big
Can fight, can fight.
The warrior big can fight!”

Over and over he sang this song, until, strangely enough to Chi-weé, it seemed that her mother was singing over the grinding stones at home. And it was very lucky that she was bound tightly to the waist of Na-kee with a long cotton scarf, or she would have fallen from the back of the horse. For, in spite of the fact that she had this day been kidnapped by strange desert men, and in spite of the fact that every moment she was being carried farther and farther away from home—Chi-weé had fallen fast asleep!

And she did not hear the plan that Na-kee told to the other, nor did she open her eyes when they arrived at the camp-place—and she did *not* escape *that* night!



CHAPTER XII

THE FIRE DANCE

Leaping high,
Toward the sky,
See the flames so brightly fly;
In their gleam
Dancers seem
Only creatures in a dream!

ALL night, that first night, the men had ridden until they came to a place good for camping. A place with a spring of water, and when Chi-weé waked up in the morning, the others were just coming, with the wagons and horses. The women and children had paid very little attention to her, only one cross woman who had a very dirty baby. Nakee had told this woman that Chi-weé was the child of a friend of his who lived in the hills near the mine-place, and he was taking her from the Pueblo to her father. The woman did not speak when he told her this, but she looked at Chi-weé with a very cross look.

For two days Chi-weé felt that she must be in a

dream. The farther and farther they rode into the desert, the more like a dream it seemed, and the country around looked strange and new. At first, she had thought of nothing but escape. Every time she was left alone, she would look for some bush behind which she could hide, or some trail to follow back to the home-place, but always there was someone watching.

If it was not Na-kee or Chin, it was the cross woman, who did not seem to like her. Chi-weé could not see why this woman always had frowns for her and only cross words, but from the very first it had been so.

All of the people in this camp were going to work in the mine of the white men, and many of them were very glad to go, for they had not had any money for a long time, and now they would have food and clothes, for always the white men paid well. Only two of them were thief men, and these two would not let Chi-weé talk much with the others, for they feared she would tell them what she had heard on the trail. They talked together a great deal, these two, and quarreled many times. One time Chi-weé heard their words.

"We will let the child go back to her people," said

Na-kee. "The mine is far away, and they will send no one to tell the white men of us."

"Do you want to go to that jail place?" said the other in a low, fierce voice. "She will tell, and they will send men to get us."

"But if we take her with us, she will tell the men at the mine," answered Na-kee.

"Yes—if we take her to the mine," said Chin, and there was a strange meaning in the tone of his voice. "If we take her to that mine she will tell." And then there was silence for a moment, and Chi-weé was very near the men, with only a sage bush in between, and she felt that they must hear the beating of her heart. Fear thoughts were pounding there. What was the meaning of this strange talk? If they did not let her go to the mesa, and if they did not take her where they were going—*what* would they do?

"To-night we will come to the camp-place of Tito-Chico, who is your friend," spoke Chin again. "For a while, we could leave this child in that place—it may be—if no better plan comes to your thought."

"I have a plan," spoke Na-kee slowly. "Listen, it is this": but after that their voices were so low, Chi-weé could not hear one thing.

Chi-weé was not very big, and it would take the

mind of a large person, very grown, to think the way out of this puzzle. Surely these men would do her no great harm. Na-kee did not look like a bad man and Chin was afraid of Na-kee. No, somehow she could not think they would do her harm, but how was it they would not send her home and would not take her with them? All that day Chi-weé tried to think what it could mean.

At noontime, the cross woman made her bring sticks for a little fire under the dinner pot, and the other children played games that looked good, but they did not ask her to play with them.

All that afternoon, they rode on through the desert, and this was the third day they had been away from the mesa. Chi-weé rode in a wagon with a canvas top to it, and she looked back the way they had come and wondered if she ever could find the trail back to home. The cross woman was in the same wagon with her and the very dirty baby, but she did not talk with her, and slept much of the time.

When evening came, there was excitement as they rode into the camp of some desert Indians and found them making preparations for a dance. It was the camp of Tito-chico, and it was the night of the big dance with fire.

Chi-weé wondered if they would leave her in this place when they rode away, and she looked about to see what it would be like.



There were two hogans such as the Navajos built, and some other houses built of poles, and there were many people who had come to the dance. One old man had very bent legs and a kindly face, and Chi-weé liked him at once. He smiled at her when she crawled out of the wagon, and it made a little warm place come into her heart, for he was the very first one who had smiled at her in three whole days. She walked over to where he stood and looked at him with big eyes.

"Hi," he said pleasantly. "You have come at a very good time, little one. We will have a great dance this night when the moon comes up, and our young men will sing, and it is I who will play that drum."

A sparkle came into the eyes of Chi-weé.

"I like much to hear a drum," she said. "In my home-place we have a drum."

"But, look!" he said. "Come here—I have a very fine drum," and he beckoned her to follow him to the front of one of the hogans where his drum was leaning against the door shelter. "Look at this!" he said, and there was very great pride in his voice.

Chi-weé could see very plainly that it was a fine drum. It was made of a great piece of a large tree,

with hide stretched across the two ends, and lines of sinew at the sides to lace it up and draw it tight.

“Listen!” said the old man, and he drummed on one hide end with his fingers. A low growl of noise came from the drum, and Chi-weé looked at the little old man with a surprise in her eyes. He was looking at her with a twinkle she did not understand. “You see,” he said, “it is not a drum like other drums—there is a witch in it!” and he nodded his head with great satisfaction at the long “O—o—oh!” that came from the lips of Chi-weé. “Sit there,” he said, “and I will tell you.”

Chi-weé looked around her. How changed was everything in one moment! Just a little while ago, she had not had one friend in all this place, and her heart had been very sad, but now she *knew*—for the little voice inside her that always spoke true had said it—she knew that she had found a friend, and all the sad thoughts and all the fear thoughts were gone. This little old man would help her. He smiled in the way her own people smiled, and now all things would be right. She sat down in the shadow of the house in the place he had told her to sit, and he began to speak.

“There is a place, very far from here, where great

trees grow," he began, "and when I was a young man, I went to that place to get a drum. Other young men went with me, and for many days we looked to find a tree that was the right one. We looked and looked, but we could not find one. There were many trees, but some were too big and some were too small, and others did not have the right sound to them when we pounded on them, but after a while, we found the very right one. Already it had been cut down, or a storm had brought it down, and a fire had burned out the inside of it. It was very dry and very hard, and made a big sound when we struck it. But something else made a sound, too. Just as we stood around the log and bent down to pick it up, a great growl came from near-by, and there stood a bear. As big as a hogan, that bear looked, and stood up on her legs and came running at us, all the time growling to show how very mad she was. We did not have things to fight her with, so we went away a little distance. She did not follow us, but just stood over that log and growled and looked around, and by and by, out of the end of the log came a little bear!—a little papoose bear!—and then we knew why the great bear had been so

angry. She thought we would carry her little one away. When the little bear came out, the big bear put her nose all over it to be sure it was all right, and then they walked away into the forest. But a strange thing had happened. The witch of that big bear was left in the drum, and always, when I pound in the right way, you can hear the growl of the bear-witch. Listen, now!" and again the old man pounded the drum and very plainly Chi-weé could hear the growl. "But listen again," said the old man then. "Not always does she growl," and he played so softly that Chi-weé thought she could hear the mother bear putting the little bear to sleep, and somehow it made her think of the home-place and her own mother, and before she knew it, a little salt tear slipped down her cheek and dripped from the edge of her chin. The old man looked at her keenly.

"There is something," he said, "that gives you a sadness," and he nodded his head several times. "I know more than I see," he said, "and more than I hear—a little voice tells me——"

"Oh!" cried Chi-weé, "have you that little voice too?"

"Yes," he said and nodded again. "Now there is not time to talk—but in a little while—maybe when the dance is through—you will tell me?"

"Yes," cried Chi-weé, "I will tell you," and all the lonely thoughts were gone, and very happily she gathered sticks for the cross woman and helped with the supper things. And after that, when they were getting ready for the dance, she grew quite excited and forgot for a little that she was far from home. Now, very soon, everything would be all right—the old man would help her. She did not know *how*, but she knew it would be so.

And then there was much noise and bustle and laughter. This was to be a happy dance, not one of great ceremony, and the children forgot that Chi-weé was a stranger and called to her as they called to each other.

A great camp fire was built out in a clear space—the biggest camp fire Chi-weé had ever seen, with all the logs and sticks and dry brush that could be gathered up for a long way around—and about this fire all the people gathered in a great, wide circle.

Then, first the young men began to sing. They sang many songs and tried to see who could do it best. After that, the drum of the old man began to pound



*In the red glare of the fire, leaping high and shouting in time
to the music.*

—louder and louder—and the gourd rattles kept time—and in a little the “pat-pat-pat” of the feet of everyone tapped the ground until it seemed as if you could not possibly keep still. Then, through the circle, into the red glare of the firelight, ran ten or maybe more men with shining greased bodies—leaping high and shouting in time to the music. Round and round and round the fire they danced, while all the people sang and shouted and kept time with their feet and their hands. Wilder and wilder grew the dancing, and the men leaped as high as the fire, it seemed to Chi-weé, and then, suddenly, she saw them snatch great burning sticks from the fire. They waved them over their heads until the sparks flew, and touched the bodies of the dancing men in front of them until it seemed to Chi-weé as if the very men themselves were on fire. Still wilder grew the dance, and Chi-weé felt a little frightened. She drew back from the wide circle and stood a little distance away, not just certain what to do. The men were throwing lighted sticks into the air now, and the people were shouting with excitement and laughter. If a flaming piece of wood would fall among them, they would scatter wildly for a moment, and then draw together again to watch the dancers.

One little piece of flaming stick flew over and landed on the dry canvas top of a wagon. Chi-weé watched it for a moment, and then she cried out. It was setting fire to the canvas and burning rapidly. She cried out again and called to those nearest her in the great circle, but they would not look or pay any attention. They were shouting and moving in time to the music and were like people not awake.

Chi-weé ran to the wagon, and now all the top was burning and dropping smoking pieces of cloth stuff down inside. There were blankets in the wagon and a little bundle in them that moved. Chi-weé saw it move, and her heart gave a great jump. It was a baby, and it would burn with the wagon if she did not get it out. She gave one look again toward all those people who would not know if all the camp burned up; they were shouting louder even than before. Little showers of sparks were falling into the wagon now, and in two or three places tiny flames shot up.

The wagon was high, and it was very hard for Chi-weé to climb up. She put her hands on burning places, and they felt as if they were burning too. One piece of cloth blazed up as she touched it, and a great hole was burned in the front of her own little dress, but she caught hold of that little bundle that

moved and held it tight to her as she jumped down from the wagon which was now a big fire itself, almost as big as the fire where the dancers were.

Chi-weé took the baby and held it helplessly. It was crying a little, but was not very wide awake. When first she touched it, Chi-weé saw that it was the dirty baby of the cross woman, but she was very glad she had saved it from being burned in the wagon, and then she sat down by a big bush and patted it softly until it went to sleep again.

It seemed a long time to Chi-weé that those wild people still danced around the fire, and she was almost asleep when she heard a great scream. It was the cross woman, who had gone to the big wagon and found it a red burnt-out thing.

"My baby!" she cried. "Look—how the wagon is burnt—and my baby was in it," and others too began to cry out.

There was a great noise then, and it was not the happy noise of the dance.

Chi-weé got up, holding the baby carefully, and walked toward them.

The woman was very still now, and stood looking at what had been the wagon, and the look on her face brought a hurt to Chi-weé.

When the others saw Chi-weé, they were quiet and made an open place for her to walk to the woman. She gave a little pull to her dress when she was near, but the woman would not look.

“You would not come,” said Chi-weé in a low voice. “Not anybody would come. So I climbed into the wagon—and this baby is not hurt.”

The woman turned then, and almost firecely took the baby from Chi-weé. She unwrapped it, and the way she looked at it made Chi-weé think of that bear mother the old man had told about. Then the woman looked at Chi-weé and two big tears ran down her cheeks—and after that, not *any* time after that—did Chi-weé think of her as the “cross woman” any more.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DRUM MAN

From the forest green I came,
Boom—boom—boom!
Never could you guess my name!
Boom—boom—boom!
Once I grew a waving tree,
Now I'm something else, you see;
Very useful I can be!
BOOM—BOOM—BOOM!

THAT night after the fire dance was the nicest night Chi-weé had spent since she was taken away from the mesa. Everyone offered her blankets to sleep on and good things to eat, and they patted her on the head and said she was a very good girl. But the mother of the baby was the nicest of all, and she gave Chi-weé a new skirt for the one that had been burnt, and made her a comfortable place to sleep right next to her own baby. The old drum man smiled and nodded at her too, and said he would have a new tale to tell her in the morning. But the two men, Na-kee and Chin, did not smile. When they saw how many people talked and how friendly they

were, they took her by the hand and pulled her away from the people, and Na-kee said:

"If you tell one word of the thing you heard on the mesa trail, you will never again see that mesa," and Chin took her by the shoulder and gave her a little shake.

"Like the hawk watches, we will watch!" he said in a low voice that sounded almost like a growl. "Say you will not tell."

Chi-weé looked at them both, and she did not feel afraid.

"I will not tell *now*," she said, for already she had planned not to tell until she was sure the white men would get the message, for there might be other thief men among these strange people.

So Na-kee and Chin had to be satisfied with that.

"If you tell *any* time, we will know," said Chin, "and as the hawk punishes, we will punish!"

But Chi-weé walked away from them back to the other people, and the little voice inside her said:

"You will tell when it is time—and the Great Spirit will keep you safe—for you will tell a right thing," and not one single little fear thought came into her mind.

When the next day came and Chi-weé had helped the woman with the morning meal, she saw the old drum man again, and he called to her to come. He was standing by a mesquite tree, and he was watching a little ant trail that went down into the roots of the tree.

"Look," he said to Chi-weé, "always they work—the ant people—and one time they taught men how to work."

Chi-weé's eyes sparkled.

"Is it a tale?" she asked.

"It is a tale," smiled the old man. "Sit there, and I will tell you," and Chi-weé gave a little skip before she sat down in the shade of the mesquite tree, for a good tale was a thing she liked much.

"One time," began the drum man, "one time, all people lived in the desert, but long time ago there were many trees growing, and green plants and grass and fruit hanging from the trees, and good food on the plants and water springs coming up out of the rocks. And then the people forgot to be very good; they did not speak to the Great Spirit in the smoke of the four ways, and He went far away from them. Then the rain did not come for many, many moons, and the people had forgotten how to make prayer for

it, and the springs dried up until there was water only in a few places and the ground dried up, and sand came where no things could grow. Then the big trees and plants all died, and the earth was a desert place. Men did not know how to work. That was a thing they had not yet done, and they grew weak waiting for the rain to come. And by and by they had no food.

“One boy, he walked out in the desert at dawn one morning and sat down on a rock. He thought maybe in a little while he would die. He thought all men would die. So he sat down on the rock and put his face in his hands. When he had been there a long time, he heard a very little voice talk to him. It said:

““Do you think it is a good thing to sit like that when there is so much to do?”

“The boy took his hands from his face and looked up and down and on the ground, but he could not see anything. So he put his hands to his face again, and peeped through his fingers to see if anything would come. And another time the voice said:

““Do you think it is a good thing to sit like that when there is so much to do?”

“He jumped up, then, and looked behind him, but

still he could not see anything. He was sitting close by a mesquite tree, and the voice said again:

“‘I am here on the mesquite tree. If you will look very close, you can see me.’ And he looked very close, and he saw a little ant looking at him with eyes that were so bright the sun made little arrows of light shoot from them.

“The ant nodded when he looked at her.

“‘You can see now,’ she said. ‘That is better than just sitting.’ The boy had never seen an ant woman before that could talk, but he was a good boy and did not look surprised.

“‘I do not know what it is I can do,’ he said. ‘There is no food to eat, and my people will die. Why do you say there is much to do?’

“The little ant woman blinked at him.

“‘You will not die,’ she said. ‘For many days I and my people have watched you, and our wise men have sat in council, and now they have a plan. I have brought this plan to you. Listen—the thing you must do is—WORK!’

“‘I do not know what is that thing,’ answered the boy. ‘Tell me, what is that thing and how do you do it?’

“‘I will tell you,’ said the little ant woman.

‘First you must get sharp sticks and dig—all the place from that tree yonder to this tree, here. Dig deep in the ground.’ And the boy took sharp sticks and dug in the ground.

“‘Deeper—deeper!’ cried the little ant woman. ‘There is the thing you want most in that ground! Dig over this way and dig over that way,’ and the boy dug until the water ran from his face.

“‘That is good,’ cried the ant woman. ‘That is good,’ and she ran back and forth over the places where he had dug and dropped little yellow things in the cracks of the earth, and then, in a little she said:

“‘Bring water now—a great gourd of it from the spring,’ and when he brought it, she showed him how to throw it over all the place he had dug, and little green points shot up out of the ground. The boy cried out when he saw them, and the ant woman said:

“‘Yes, look—it is the corn. Now you will have food. And when this is grown, bring all of your people and dig great places, and I will give you seed, and more corn will come up.’ And because it was magic corn, it grew very fast, and the ears came and were ripe in a little while, and the people ate them and forgot about dying.

"But after a little, a girl walked out a little way into the desert and stood by a tree and said:

"'Ai-ee, me. See how this dress is old and goes into little pieces, and I have no other dress.'

"'Why have you no other dress?' asked a snappy little voice very near. And the girl looked very surprised and looked around the tree and into the desert, but she could not see any one.

"'Why have you no other dress?' asked the voice again, and the girl looked up into the sky to see if a bird had spoken, and then she answered:

"'I have no other dress, as no one knows how to make any cloth stuff, and this dress is now very old.'

"A little scratchy sound on the tree, made her look very closely then, and she saw a little spider woman, with beady black eyes, sitting in the very center of a big web. The spider woman was looking straight at her, and so she knew that it was the spider woman who had spoken.

"'That is foolish talk,' said the spider woman then, 'to say no one can make cloth stuff. *I* can make cloth stuff, and make the very finest kind. And you can learn—look at that—!' and she pointed to some little plants that were growing near by. The girl had not noticed the plants before, and that

was not strange, as the spider woman had made them grow with a magic spell. The plants had little white puffy balls on them, of soft stuff like spider web.

“‘Bring me some of those little white balls,’ said the spider woman, and when the girl had brought them, she pulled long strands out of them and twisted them into thread and showed the girl how to weave wonderful cloth stuff. And after that, all the people made cloth stuff and wove it into blankets and dresses and clothes for the men.

“But still the people were not happy. One day, a man walked out into the desert and stood by a great rock and said:

“‘Ai—how the sun is hot in the daytime, and in the night time it is very cold and the wind blows and we cannot sleep.’

“‘Why do you not sleep?’” asked a very little voice suddenly, and the man looked up and down and all around to see what had spoken, and then, down in the sand at his feet, he saw a little horned toad looking up at him with very bright eyes. He felt a great surprise to hear a horned toad speak in the words of man, but he did not show that he was surprised, and answered:

“‘We do not sleep because the wind blows at

night, and in the day we cannot sleep because the sun is hot.'

"'Why do you not build houses?' asked the little horned toad. 'If you built houses, you would not feel the wind at night or the heat of the sun in the day.'

"'That is a good plan,' answered the man. 'We did not think to build houses, and how will we build them?'

"'I will bring my animal brothers,' answered the horned toad. 'The little hare builds his house in a hole in the ground, and the bird brothers build them in the air. You can see the way you like the best,' and when the man had looked carefully at all of the houses of the animals, he said:

"'I will take sticks like the birds do,' and he took big trees and put them together like a little house, 'and I will take mud like Badger does and put it on the sticks,' and very soon he had a good house and called all the men to see, and then all the people were happy again, and when they were happy they remembered the Great Spirit, and sent prayers to Him for rain, and rain came, and things began to grow again as they had before. So you see we have much reason to love our animal brothers, they have taught us many things."

The drum man stopped and looked at Chi-weé, who was listening with bright eyes to his tale.

“That sadness has gone from your face,” he said, with a great satisfaction. “Little voice tells me you are not sad this day.”

Chi-weé sat up very suddenly at that, and her face grew eager with a new purpose.

“It may be that you can tell me the right thing I can do,” she said. And then she looked carefully around to see if Na-kee and Chin were near, but she could not see them, and then she told to the drum man all the story of what had happened to her since she left her mesa home. And the little man listened to her with a mouth that often opened wide in astonishment, and sometimes he cried out at the things she said.

When she had told it all, he patted her little hand and said in a voice that was very fierce for him:

“Those men shall not touch you, little one. Now you are safe here, and very soon we will get you safe back to that mesa. Ai—ai—but those are very bad men. Right at the very first, you should have told me. See how the little voice in my heart tried to tell me. But now you are safe—not ever shall those men touch you again.”



*The drum man stopped and looked
at Chi-weé, who was listening with
bright eyes to his tale.*

And a very warm, happy feeling came then into the heart of Chi-weé, and she put her cheek against the hand of the old man.

"I am glad," she said, "I am glad I have told you—you are a very good old man."

"You are a little songbird!" he answered, and very nearly there were tears in his voice. "The Great Spirit has not ever sent a little one to the hogan of my old woman, but we would like much to have one, and like you she should be. If only you did not want so greatly to go back to that mesa home, we would be glad, very glad, if you would stay in this place, in my hogan," and he leaned forward eagerly.

"You shall be my very own grandfather," cried Chi-weé, with a happy look in her eyes. "Always I have wanted a grandfather; and you shall come to the mesa, and we will have feasting when you come, and maybe I will come here," and then her voice died away in her throat. "I am here *now*," she said, and a little laugh came into her voice, even when the tears were very near. "I am here now—Grandfather."

"Yes," he answered, and he spoke as if a very sudden thought had come into his mind. "Yes, you are here now, but already I have a plan," and he grew

greatly excited. "Look all around and see if those two men are near where they can hear words."

Chi-weé looked and saw Na-kee and Chin eating a great breakfast in front of one hogan, and for the time they were not having thoughts of her.

"It is well," said the drum man. "Listen—this night come the freight wagons," and he looked at Chi-weé as if she would understand what this would mean, but she looked back at him with a very puzzled look, so he explained carefully, "The freight wagons, with goods for the trading store, will pass through this place this very night—they go to Ganado." And at that name Chi-weé was very different. That was the place where Loki had gone at one time. At Ganado there were white men who could send word to those men at the mine, and at Ganado there might be people who would go to her own home mesa.

"I would like very much to go to Ganado," she said eagerly. "Loki says at Ganado they are very good, and they would help me there to go to my home."

"Yes, it would be a good thing for you to go to that Ganado," said the old drum man. "And those freight men are good men—I know them well—

and they will take you. Now, that is the plan, that you will go with the freight wagons this night. But for this day you must come and see my old woman, and it may be she has seed cakes that you will like. All in this camp know well the seed cakes of my old woman." And he took Chi-weé by the hand and led her toward a little house made like no house Chi-weé had ever seen before, and it was very small and old.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FREIGHTERS

Nothing ever seems the same in the night,
When the camp fire's leaping flame throws a light
On the dancing shadows nigh,
And the little sparks fly high,
Till they're stars up in the sky,
Small and bright.

THERE was much excitement in the little house of the drum man, and most excited of all was Chi-weé. She could have danced. The inside of her *was* dancing. *Now* she would escape. *Now* she would go back to that very dear home mesa. For Ganado seemed very close to the home-place—had not Loki been there? And now *she* would have tales to tell when she got back. Always she had thought that boys and men were the only ones to go great distances and to come back with fine tales to tell—tales that would make the eyes of the little ones grow round with wonder, but now she, Chi-weé, would tell the greatest tale of all.

The old woman of the drum man too grew round-

eyed when he told her of the things that had come to Chi-weé and of what she was about to do.

“Poor little one,” she said, and there were tears in her eyes. “Poor little one, and thy mother will have great worry thoughts about you. Here—eat of these little cakes, and here is honey,” and Chi-weé sat down and ate of the good things given her. Never did Chi-weé refuse to take good things to eat, and there was always a little place that could hold more.

“But no one has hurt me,” she said to the old woman, “and I have no fear thoughts, for the Great Spirit takes care of me always.”

“Yes, yes,” said the old woman, and patted her on the head. “Yes, that is true, and now we will see what can be done to get you back to that mother who waits.”

“It is a simple thing,” said the old drum man. “This night come the freighters, and when no one is looking, I will put the little one in the back of a wagon, and they will drive away, and she will be with them.”

“But if those men see?” said the old woman.

“They will not see,” said the drum man, “for you will watch and tell me when they look some other way.”

But it was not to be so simple as that, and very soon Chi-weé found that out.

The little camp was very busy and bustling that afternoon, for, in the morning, the wagons would move on again toward the misty blue hills.

The woman who had been cross but was not cross any more was kind to Chi-weé this day, and told her to go play with the other children, and there would be no more work before the supper hour.

"What things do you play?" asked Chi-weé a little shyly when the children called to her.

"We play everything in the world," cried one little girl, jumping up and down. "There are race games and hide-the-stick games——"

"And hunting games——" interrupted a little boy,

"And war games——" cried another.

"I like rabbit hunt best of all the games," cried the first little girl. "Shall we play that one? And the girls will be rabbits and the boys the hunters—that is a fine game!"

"Yes, we will play that!" cried the others. And Chi-weé found that it was a good game. For a little while, the boys stood with their hands over their eyes while all the girls ran for hiding places behind bushes or whatever they could find. Then the boys

came to hunt them, and if a boy came near to the place where a girl was hiding, if she could throw a little stone and hit him before he saw her, he would have to stop and hide his eyes again until she found another place. It was great fun, and for a long time the boys could not find all the girls. Chi-weé had run swiftly and was the farthest of all the girls away from the camp. She crouched down silently by a great sage bush, and just as she did so, she almost jumped away again like a real little rabbit, for she heard low voices speaking on the other side of the bush, and she knew the voices were of Chin and Na-kee.

"It will be very easy to take the money," said the voice of Chin. "It was easy that other time, and this time there are only two men with the freight wagons."

Those were the words that made the heart of Chi-weé jump into her mouth and stay there, and she knew she would have to hear what more they had to say.

"We will hide down in that wash yonder," said the voice of Na-kee, "and we will shoot with arrows, for they make no sound."

Chi-weé did not wait to hear more, and though her

heart was beating so loud she was afraid the whole world would hear, she crept very, very carefully away from the bush and ran to another one, and then another, until she was near to the camp-place again. She did not wait to finish the game, but ran, breathless, to the house of the old drum man. When she could make the words to come, she spoke to him:

"Is there another way to come to this place?" she asked excitedly—"that does not come by that wash over there? Do the big wagons *have* to come by the wash?"

The old man looked at her with a mild surprise in his eyes.

"If they come *here*," he answered, "they must come by the wash. But there is a road that goes on to Ganado, over the other side, that does not come by the wash. Sometimes they go that way."

"Oh," said Chi-weé, and her eyes were big with thought, "I think they must go *that* way this time."

The old man looked more surprised than before.

"If they did *that*," he said slowly, "I think you would have to go fast *now*, if you would catch them."

"What way would I go?" cried Chi-weé, and her eyes were now bright as stars. "Tell me where to go

to catch them," and the old man, still with a puzzled look on his face, rose and pointed out the way to go.

Chi-weé did not wait. Chin and Na-kee were not in sight. Now was the time to go! and little red spots flamed in her cheeks.

"I will give you *all* my thank thoughts!" she cried. "I will go now," and like a little puff of dust before a windstorm she was gone, leaving the old drum man standing with his hand shading his eyes and amazement in his face.

A little song bubbled up in the heart of Chi-weé and kept time to her feet. People looked at her in surprise as she flew through the little camp, but she did not notice them. Again she was free, and soon, very soon, she would be in the home-place again. She was out in the desert now, running swiftly—dodging the great sage bushes and the mesquite trees. Down into a little wash and up again, and across stony places, keeping ever before her the pink butte of queer shape the old man had pointed out to her—just this side of it ran the road she was to find.

Little hares shot out from bushes in front of her and ran wildly for a little way and then dodged down

into secret hiding places. It was like the desert near her home mesa, and Chi-weé thought suddenly of Ba-ba. How *good* it would be to have Ba-ba again and go wandering in the dear familiar places.

Suddenly she came to the road. There it was, no mistaking it, and now she had only to wait for the freight wagons to come.

It was late afternoon now, and the sun painted the desert and near-by buttes in beautiful colors of gold and orange and crimson. Chi-weé drew a deep breath and sat down on a big rock to wait.

She was tired but happy, and very, very hungry. She had not taken time to bring any food, and more and more hungry she grew as the sun slipped down behind the far-away hills and the evening chill came into the air.

Very quickly it grew dark, and Chi-weé waited shivering on her little rock. Big thoughts began to come into her mind. Suppose the freight wagons did not come this way after all. Suppose they would not come at all. It was growing very cold now, and far away a coyote began to call. There were little sounds all around her, and fear thoughts tried to creep in. It was lonely, and though she strained her ears, she could hear no sound of wheels coming



Down into a little wash and up again.

down that empty road. Chi-weé began to walk up and down and pull her little dress tight about her. Oh, if she had only waited to get one little piece of piki bread or a handful of pinyon nuts. And, oh, the thought of that bubbling pot at home! It made her very heart ache with hunger.

Colder and colder it grew, and an icy wind whipped her skirt about her legs. Chi-weé crept in under a sage bush and squeezed herself into as small a bundle as possible. Surely, surely the wagons would come. She wondered how many hours she had been waiting. There were many coyotes calling now, and she could hear what sounded like larger animals moving through the brush. The little star brothers looked very, very far away and very cold and high.

She must have dozed a little then, for very suddenly she heard a sharp *crack*, and a rumble of wheels, and the voice of a man singing. She was on her feet in a flash and running toward the sound.

A big dark mass came toward her through the gloom, and she called out. At first, the man did not hear her, but when she called a second time, he stopped his song and listened.

"Who's that?" came a voice through the darkness.
"Who called?"

“ME!” cried Chi-weé. “Please stop the horses. I have a big thing to tell you.”

The man pulled the horses to a standstill, and Chi-weé could hear the other wagon rumble to a stop.

“You don’t sound very big,” said the man, peering through the darkness. “Come here and tell me what is the matter.”

Chi-weé went close to the wagon and held up her hands.

“I can tell you there in a better way,” she said eagerly, “if you will pull me up.”

“Well, of all things!” said the man under his breath, but he reached down and pulled Chi-weé up to the seat beside him.

“Hey! What’s the matter?” called a voice from the other wagon.

“Don’t know yet myself,” answered the man by Chi-weé, and he was looking at her very closely and curiously. “Looks kinda like a little witch to me—but she hasn’t unfolded her spell yet! Anybody else with you?” he questioned Chi-weé. “You out her all alone, in the night?”

“Oh, yes,” said Chi-weé, and the words tumbled over each other, she was so eager to tell him what she had to say.

And when she had made herself clear and the man finally understood what it was all about, he pulled his horses in with a big jerk and called to the other man.

"Say, Bill—come here, quick. What do you think of this?" And then he repeated to Bill all that Chi-weé had told him, and the two looked at her for a moment in silence.

"Well," said Bill at last, "sort of looks as if we owed our lives to this young lady here."

"Looks that way," said the other.

"Oh, you must not wait here in this place," said Chi-weé then, and she was tingling all over with excitement and half fear. "Those men will know you do not come now, and maybe they come here."

"That's right!" said both men at once, and very quickly the wagons were on their way again, but they turned off long before they came to the wash and took the road that led straight to Ganado.

And though they drove all that night, they did not once see a sign of Chin or Na-kee. And after Chi-weé had eaten a supper of "white man" food, just like Loki had, that other time, she thought happily, she curled up in a little bundle of blanket on

the seat of the wagon beside the driver man and went sound asleep.

And through her dreams the jingle of the harness and rumble of the wagons and thud of the horses' feet brought visions of old Mah-pee-ti and her long rides to the trading store.

CHAPTER XV

THE RANCH IN THE DESERT

The winds blow high,
And the gray hawks fly,
Into the blue of the desert sky.

The winds blow low,
And the little hares go,
Down where the roots of the mesquites grow!

WELL, we're here," said a voice. Chi-weé sat up suddenly and blinked her eyes. Where *was* here? Such a hurry and bustle was all about her, and strange voices calling, and the bleating of many sheep. And there, in front of her, was a long, low building *very* different from any building she had ever seen. It must be—it *was*—Ganado! Now she would see with her own eyes all those places Loki had told her about, and there was a man who sometimes came here who had seen the big "Father" in Washington (the President). *He* would be the man to talk to about Chin and Na-kee. He could put bad people in a strong house where they never could get out and they could not rob

people any more. The freight man had told her about this agent man (that was what he called him). And Chi-weé, with a great confusion of thoughts in her mind, climbed down from the high wagon and looked about her.

Already men were unloading the freight wagons, and other men were riding by on horses, and great numbers of sheep were being driven into a big corral, and there were so many people going back and forth that it was very confusing. No one paid any attention to Chi-weé, even the freight men were so busy that they seemed to have forgotten her.

But in a moment Chi-weé noticed a white man standing near who did not seem to have anything to do. He was looking at her, and she did not like his look. Then he walked over to her and put his hand under her chin.

"How old are you?" he asked then, and the tone of his voice was not kind.

"I have eight years," answered Chi-weé politely. "My mother tells me that."

"Have you been to school?" asked the man again, and he took his hand from her chin.

"I have been in one school place," answered Chi-weé. "I did not like that place."

"Didn't like it, eh?" said the man, and there was an unpleasant sound in his voice. "Well, you'll have to go, whether you like it or not."

"Oh, no!" cried Chi-weé, and her voice was frightened now. "I do not want to go another time."

"I said you'll *have* to go," said the man. "That is the law. And do you know girls are not wearing long hair any more? You had better cut yours off."

Her hands flew to the little knob that bobbed up and down on the back of her head, and she thought what her mother would say if she came back without it. But only her eyes spoke what she thought, and the man did not read her eyes.

Then the freight man in whose wagon she had ridden came to her.

"Well, I see you found the agent, sister," he said, and he grinned a big, happy grin. "Did you tell him all that was on your mind?"

Chi-weé slipped her little hand into his big one quickly and spoke in a low voice.

"Take me away," she said softly. "Take me *quick* away!"

"Oh, all right," he said, surprised, and he glanced at the agent, who frowned and said:

"That child will have to attend school," and then walked away.

"Oh," cried Chi-weé to the freight man, "is *that* the agent man? Not *anything* will I tell him. He is a bad man. Please, *please*—you will not let him take me to the school place."

"You just leave it to me," answered the freight man. "He is no friend of mine, either. And I guess you will get enough school by and by. Come along, now. I want these people to know the young lady who saved my life."

And for the rest of that day Chi-weé was too confused to think. She met white men and women and children, and was taken into a big house, and was given good things to eat, and talked to so much that she was dizzy, and was asked so many questions that she did not know what to answer, and saw so many things she did not understand that she quite gave up the thought of ever telling about them all back at the home mesa.

One little white baby she saw reminded her of the baby brother at home, only she had very sorry thoughts for this little baby. "They have washed all the color out of him," she thought. "Every day they put him in water, and he is getting like a

piece of cloth stuff that I had one time. At the first, the cloth stuff was a beautiful brown color, and when it was put in water, all the brown color went out and it was like white with dirt on it. That is what has happened to this baby," and she spoke what she thought to an old Indian woman who was holding the baby, but the Indian woman only smiled and said:

"Baby color stay in the skin. Your baby, brown baby—this baby all time white baby." But Chi-weé kept the sorry thoughts for him just the same.

But then, in a little while, came the most exciting thing of all to happen. The freight man came running to Chi-weé and took her by the hand. He was breathing hard and at first could hardly speak.

"Come," he said, "come quickly. There is something very important you must do—and before you speak, be very, very sure of what you say."

"What is it?" cried Chi-weé, and he made her walk so fast she could hardly keep on her feet.

"Wait!" was all he would say. "You shall see," and he took her in the store-place where many people were, and stood her up on a chair by a window where she could see people outside before they came in. Another white man came and stood on the other

side of Chi-weé, and he smiled at her and patted her head, and she liked him at once.

"Now, look!" cried the freight man suddenly, "do you see those two men coming?" Chi-weé looked, and a little tremble ran all through her.

"It is Chin," she cried under her breath. "It is Chin and Na-kee."

"You know them, then?" asked the man eagerly.

"They are the two men who were going to take the freight money," said Chi-weé, "and they are the two men who are going to rob the mine."

"How is that?" asked the other white man quickly, and while Chi-weé told him all the story from the very beginning, the freight man ran out of the store, and they did not see him again for a while. When he came back, his face was red and he was much excited.

"Well, we have them," he said. "We have been looking for those two men for a long time, and now they have walked right into our hands. I guess they were looking for the child," and he smiled at Chi-weé. "They still had things on them from their last robbery, so it was easy enough to arrest them."

"And they cannot take me again?" cried Chi-weé.

"I guess *not*," answered the man "They can't

even take *themselves* anywhere, now. They will be locked up for some time to come."

And then came the second most exciting thing. For Chi-weé heard a big voice just outside the store door, a big voice with laughing sounds all through it, and a voice that she knew well.

"It is Pete!" she cried, and ran to the door, but she stopped shyly as soon as she saw him. He stopped too, and his eyes grew round with surprise.

"Well—*well!*" he shouted. "And how did *you* come here—Little Pocahontas?" And somehow, though she wanted to laugh and it was so good to see him, Chi-weé just stood still and the tears ran down her cheeks. Pete made one movement and grabbed her up into his arms and sat down on a large box. Then he pulled out a big purple handkerchief with red spots on it—a *beautiful* handkerchief, thought Chi-weé—and dabbed at her eyes with it.

"Now, don't you say one word until you feel like it," he said gently, "and then you tell old Pete all about it." And again Chi-weé told the whole story of Chin and Na-kee and how she had been kidnapped. But this time it was listened to very differently. Before she had nearly finished, Pete sat looking at her with open mouth and big eyes.

"Did you know it was my mine?" he burst out at last. "Did you know you were saving my money with your precious little life?"

"No," answered Chi-weé in a small voice. "I did not know that, but I am glad if it is true."

"Well, of all——" he said, and then stopped. He could not say any more, but he used the purple handkerchief just a minute on his own eyes. "Well," he began again, "of *all*——"

"And now," said Chi-weé, "I want *very* much to get back to that mesa. It has been a very great time that I have not seen my mother," and her voice trembled again but she did not cry.

"Right you are!" cried Pete, more heartily than he felt. "And back you shall go—but wait——" his face changed suddenly and a new light came into his eyes—"I have a surprise for you—not for now—but you will see. In the morning it will be—and come with me now and choose what you would like best of *all* in this store. Not just one thing, mind you—just you pretend this store is *yours* and take what you want."

"O—o—oh!" Chi-weé drew a long breath of bliss and looked around. Everyone in the store was smiling at her, and she felt this was a very kind world.

There were beautiful things spread around on the counters of the store, and on the shelves, and under little glass counters. Pete watched her with a wide smile in his eyes.

She walked up to some cloth stuff that was hanging across a counter and fingered it softly. It was a beautiful red with flowers on it, and it felt very warm and nice. Pete nodded and called to the store man.

"Give us enough for a dress of that stuff," he said.

"For my mother," said Chi-weé quickly.

"All right—give her whatever she wants," and Pete laughed aloud.

This was *real* buying. Chi-weé could not remember when she had been more happy. There was a new belt for Loki, and sugar-sticks for baby brother, and a brown velvety jacket for her father, and a soft blanket for her mother's bed.

Pete made a funny face when these things were named over to him.

"But there is nothing here for you," he said. "You have not chosen anything for yourself."

Chi-weé smiled. "They are *all* for me," she said softly.

"Now, you come here," cried Pete, and he drew her to a place where there were little strings of silver

beads and hammered silver bracelets and belts with bright blue turquoise sets, and rings—all under a glass case.

“You must choose the very prettiest ones in this case,” he said. And Chi-weé shyly pointed to a necklace made of tiny silver squash blossoms.

“That’s fine,” he said. “And here are two bracelets that go with it, and a little ring. But I am going to bring you, before long, a present that is nicer than these. Look at this,” and he took a little bag from the front of his shirt and opened it for her to see. “These are the finest turquoise that have come out of my mine,” he said, “and they are going to be made into a necklace for you.” And Chi-weé’s eyes sparkled as she looked at the beautiful blue stones, and they sparkled more as she gathered all her treasures into her arms. She did not know how to say many thank words, but Pete did not need them: he felt what was in her heart, and it brought a warm glow to his own.

“I am very happy,” said Chi-weé, and it was hard to keep her feet from dancing.

“To-morrow you will be more happy,” grinned Pete. “Just wait and see!”

And when Chi-weé went to sleep that night in a soft bed of skins and blankets in the store-place, she wondered and wondered what that surprise would be that could make her happier than she now was.

CHAPTER XVI

WHITE MAGIC

The little breeze rustles the mesquite tree;
The cones on the pinyon dance in glee,
And over the hill the big gold sun
Peeks with a smile—and day has come!



VER the edge of the world peeped the golden ball of the sun—a fairy world—of pink and blue and lavender and gold. With diamonds shaking from every feathery bush of sage, and air so gloriously clear that you stood on tiptoe to drink it in and felt as if you could fly straight up into the turquoise-blue sky. At least, that is the way Chi-weé felt from the very first moment her eyes popped open—and she kept on feeling that way when she thought of all that had happened and all that was *going* to happen—this day. It wasn't just that Pete had said there would be a surprise for her to-day—it was more than that—much more! A little voice kept whispering in her ear:

"This is going to be the very happiest day you have ever known—just watch!" And she watched!

First, she looked out of the store window to see what was happening outside. There had been queer noises out there since 'way before daylight. It was sheep coming in—more and more sheep! They milled around in the road and made such a dust she could not see through it, and ba-a-a-ed and called until it sounded as if all the sheep in the world were right here in this little spot of ground. *That* was not the surprise—Chi-weé felt very sure of that—and then a man came in and opened the store. He was very pleasant and smiled at Chi-weé and she smiled back at him. But *that* was not the surprise either.

And then the pleasant man who had spoken to her the night before came into the store, and there was a worry look on his face.

"Tom," he said, "have you seen little Pancho? We cannot find him."

But Tom had not seen little Pancho, and nobody had seen him. Since very first daylight, he had been gone, and soon everybody was looking for him.

Chi-weé was forgotten. Nobody at all thought of her, and at first she did not know what to do. She

looked for Pete. Everywhere she looked for him, but he was not there. Maybe he, too, looked for that lost baby. But when she asked Tom he said, no, that Pete had gone away very late in the night and was not coming back.

Very queer thoughts came into the mind of Chi-weé. This did not look at *all* like the beginning of a happy day. Could it be that the little voice was going to be mistaken? *Always* before it had told true, and surely now was not going to be different.

Chi-weé had looked too for the baby—it was the pale baby, with the color all washed out of him—but she did not know the places to look. Everything was strange here. He was not in the sheep corral, and the other people had looked in the store and the house places, and all that was left was the desert.

Maybe he was out there, and Chi-weé stood on a place where the ground was high and looked all around. But there was a mist in her eyes and a hard place in her throat, so that she could not see very far.

Men were riding out over the desert and calling, and Chi-weé saw one very pretty lady with tears in her eyes.

No, this was *not* a happy day—and she was very hungry. Nobody had thought to give her any

breakfast; nobody had thought about anything but that lost baby. And then Chi-weé stopped suddenly. A thought had come into her mind. "Suppose that baby was my own little brother and he was lost!" For a little, she did not move from the place where she was. "I will *find* that baby," she said then, and she said it aloud. "I know better how to find babies than these people know—*always* I find them." And she walked slowly to the edge of a little wash that was near.

The bank on this side was steep, and she could see up and down the wash and on the other side. Down the middle of it ran a narrow little stream. The little stream widened out lower down into a big shallow pool where pigs were rolling over and over and grunting joyously. It was very dirty there, and very black, but the pigs seemed to enjoy it very much. There were big pigs and little pigs—and then Chi-weé looked very *hard* and started to scramble down the steep bank into the little wash. There was a very *queer*-looking pig right in the middle of the others—a pig with a little round head and that threw mud up into the air and splashed in the water and squealed louder than all the others. Yes—and Chi-weé's heart was beating very fast as she came

nearer—it surely was that baby, little Pancho—but not *now* a faded baby! A very *black* baby, covered with mud from head to foot, but happier than ever before in his little life. When he saw Chi-weé, he laughed in her face and then turned his back on her and scrambled away through the mud. There was nothing to do but scramble after him, and when Chi-weé caught him, she was almost as black as he was—all except her face—and when she brought him to the house-place, the people there hardly knew whether to laugh or shout when they saw her, but they were so happy to get the baby they did not have much thought for the mud.

The pleasant-faced man was happiest of all, and when he saw Chi-weé, a sudden look came into his face, and he clapped his hand to the side of his coat,

“My!” he said then. “If I didn’t forget all about it,” and he drew something small from his pocket. “I am sorry,” he said again. “I did not think about anything but the baby, but if you run, maybe you will be in time.”

“What is it?” asked Chi-weé, and the hard lump went a little away from in her throat—maybe this was the surprise; not all the day was gone yet.

“Look,” said the man. “It is a whistle. Pete



*A very black baby covered with mud, but happier than ever
before in his little life.*

said it was for you, and that at the noon hour when the sun is straight overhead (and see, it is just that way now!), you must go to that little hill yonder—you see, *that* one”—and he pointed with his finger—“and you must stand on the very top and blow this little whistle. Run, now—it is time,” and with wonder in her heart, Chi-weé took the whistle and ran! The women cried out to her that they wanted to say thank things for bringing the baby, but she would not stop. Maybe *now* it was too late for that surprise—and like the wind she ran.

There was the little wash to cross, and some rocky ground where the stones rolled under her feet, and then came the hill itself. It was much steeper than it had looked from the ranch, but Chi-weé climbed it, panting, and when she reached the top, for a little she could not find breath enough to blow the whistle.

From here the desert was spread out before her in a glorious flat picture glowing with color, and almost she thought she could see, far away and faintly blue in the distance, her own home mesa. A great excitement beat at her heart. What was going to happen now?—What would the sound of the whistle bring? And with a shaking little hand she put it to her lips and blew.

Nothing at all happened! And then she knew that the sound she had made had been very small and weak from lack of breath.

So this time she drew in her breath and blew with all her strength, and the shrill sound of the whistle frightened a little hare from a near-by bush, and he went scampering down the hillside. But that was not all, for she heard a sudden noise behind some rocks and mesquite trees that grew away down the slope of the hill. There was a rolling of stones and a rush, and two ponies shot out into view and came scrambling up the hill.

On one was a boy, riding wildly, and Chi-weé gave a shout of joy as she saw him.

“Loki!” she cried. “How did you get to this place?”

His eyes were shining as he pulled his pony to a stop, and his cheeks were red with excitement, but it was plain to see he was not surprised.

“Wait!” he cried. “I will tell you, but look first at *this!*” and he caught the bridle of the other pony and brought it to Chi-weé. “Read the letters on this!” and he fingered a little piece of paper that hung from the rope. Not many words could Chi-weé read, but these words she could read. They were very plainly printed out, and this is what they said:



On one pony was a boy, riding wildly.

"I belong to Chi-weé and my name is Magic."

"O—o—oh!" breathed Chi-wee, and she could find no more to say just then; but Loki could talk, and he talked as fast as his tongue would let him.

"It is Pete who has given him to you, and I saw him last night. He knew I was here with my sheep. This morning I took them into Ganado, but he said to wait for you until you blew that whistle, and for long I have waited. He told me all the things that have happened to you. There was much sorrow when you were lost, and your mother had much sorrow"—Loki stopped for just a moment and Chi-weé blinked a tear out of her eye—"but now they will be very glad," went on Loki. "And there is a surprise for you on the mesa—and Mah-pee-ti is down there in the desert with his wagon—he came with me—and look, here is food for us to eat."

Chi-weé gasped. Loki had said so many things, her head felt dizzy with thinking of them all, but more than all else, just at this moment, was the thought of the pony.

"Magic," she said softly, and the pony lifted up his head and looked at her with big, gentle eyes.

"And he can run," said Loki. "I have seen how he can run."

"You said a surprise is for me on the mesa," said Chi-weé, suddenly remembering.

"It is"—and Loki laughed—"you have *two* Ba-bas now, a big one and a little one."

"Oh, if you tell me one other thing," cried Chi-weé, "I think I will blow right up like a bubble and go into little pieces—I think *never* was anybody so happy as I am happy!"

And when they climbed on the backs of the ponies, her heart kept time with every patter of the little hoofs, and even the very dust that rose in the air behind them seemed to dance with happiness—for Chi-weé was riding back to her own home mesa!



THE END

